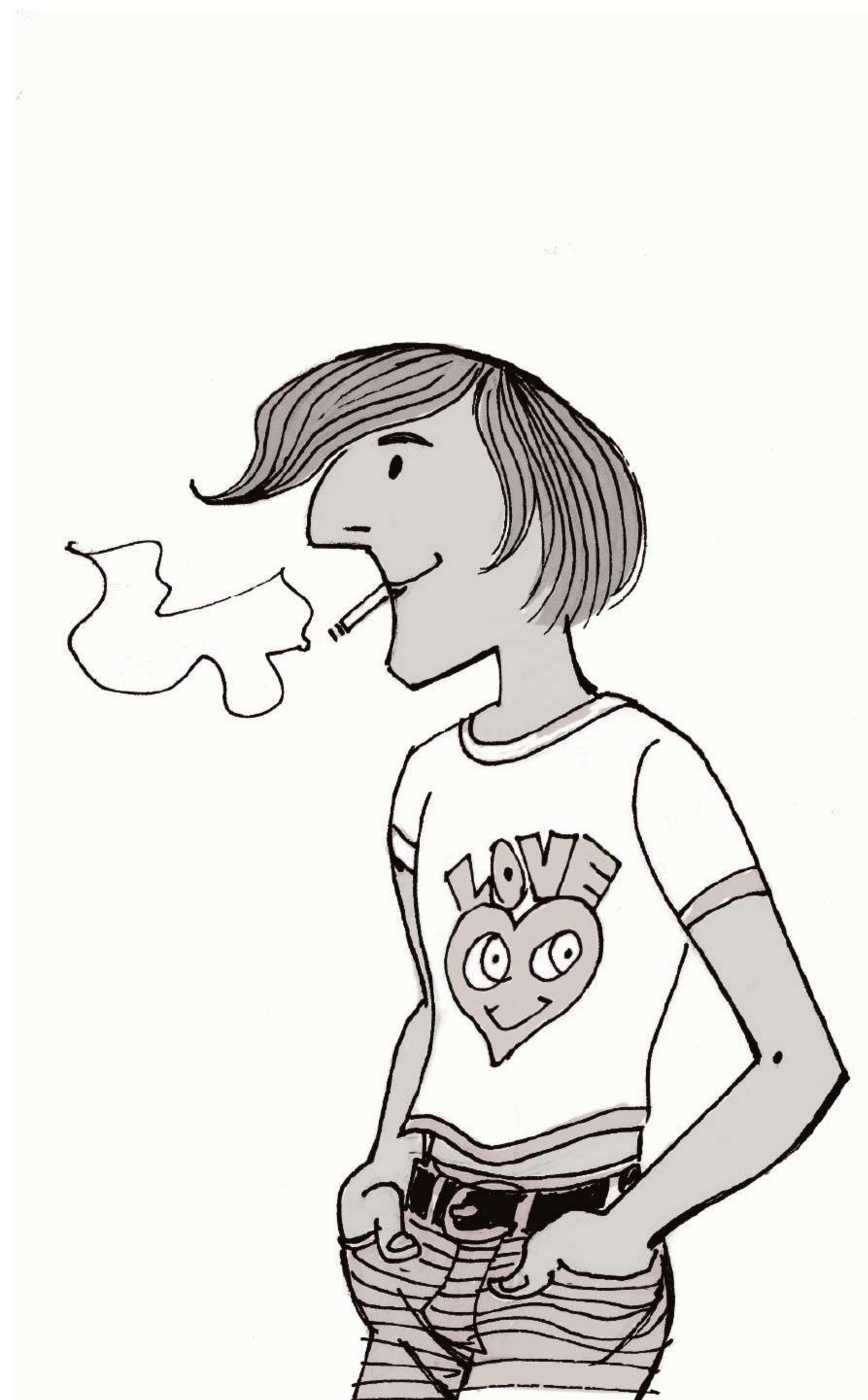




I'm emerging from a troubled hippie adolescence
and Violette is my breath of fresh air.
She takes refuge on rooftops to escape the grayness
of everyday life.

I, too, am trying to understand the everyday city.

Bidouille isn't a man yet. Neither am I.

I listen to the radio a lot, Renaud, Brel, and
Prévert.

I'm searching for myself.

Hislaire



Bernard Hislaire

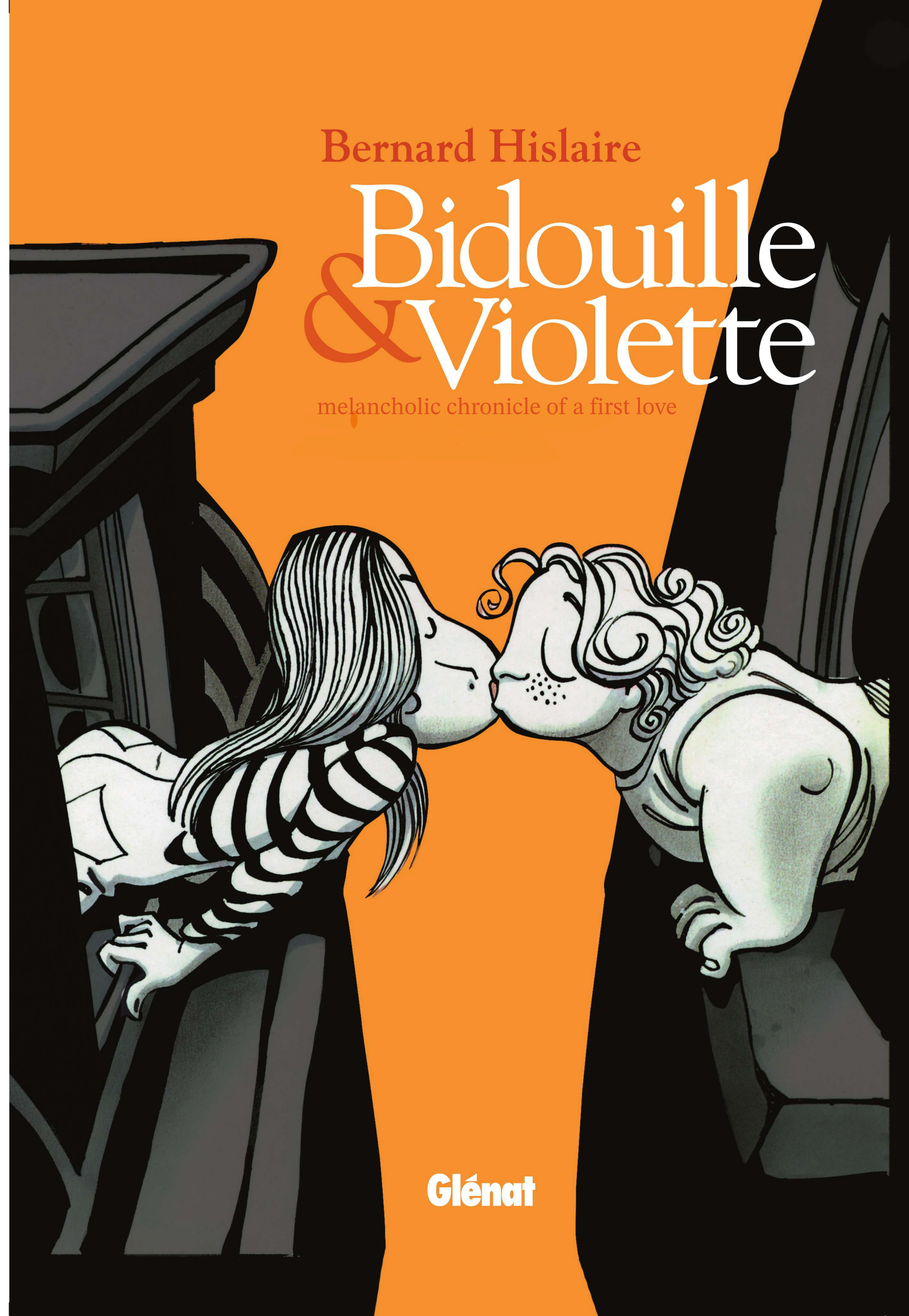
Bidouille & Violette

Glénat

Bernard Hislaire

Bidouille & Violette

melancholic chronicle of a first love

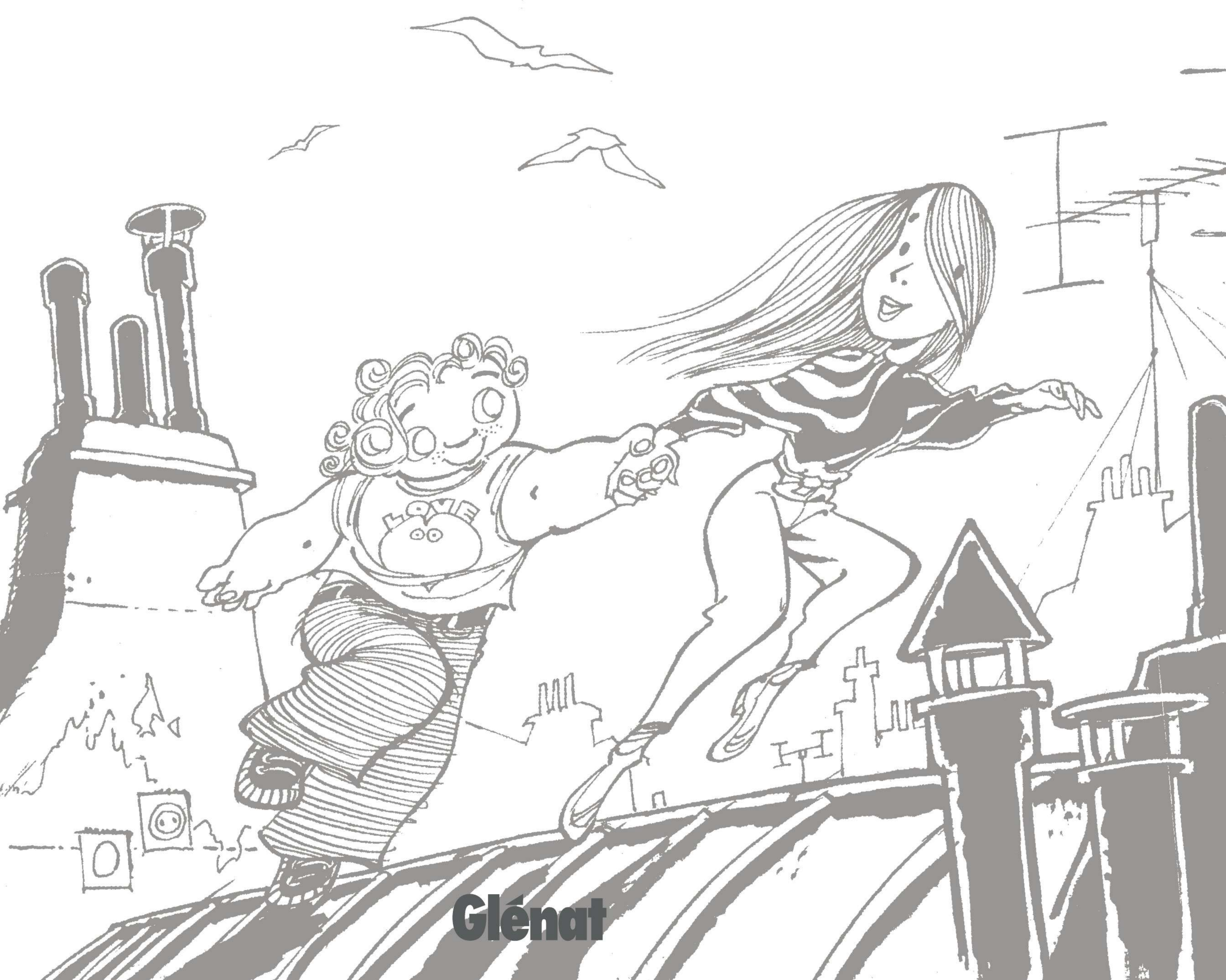


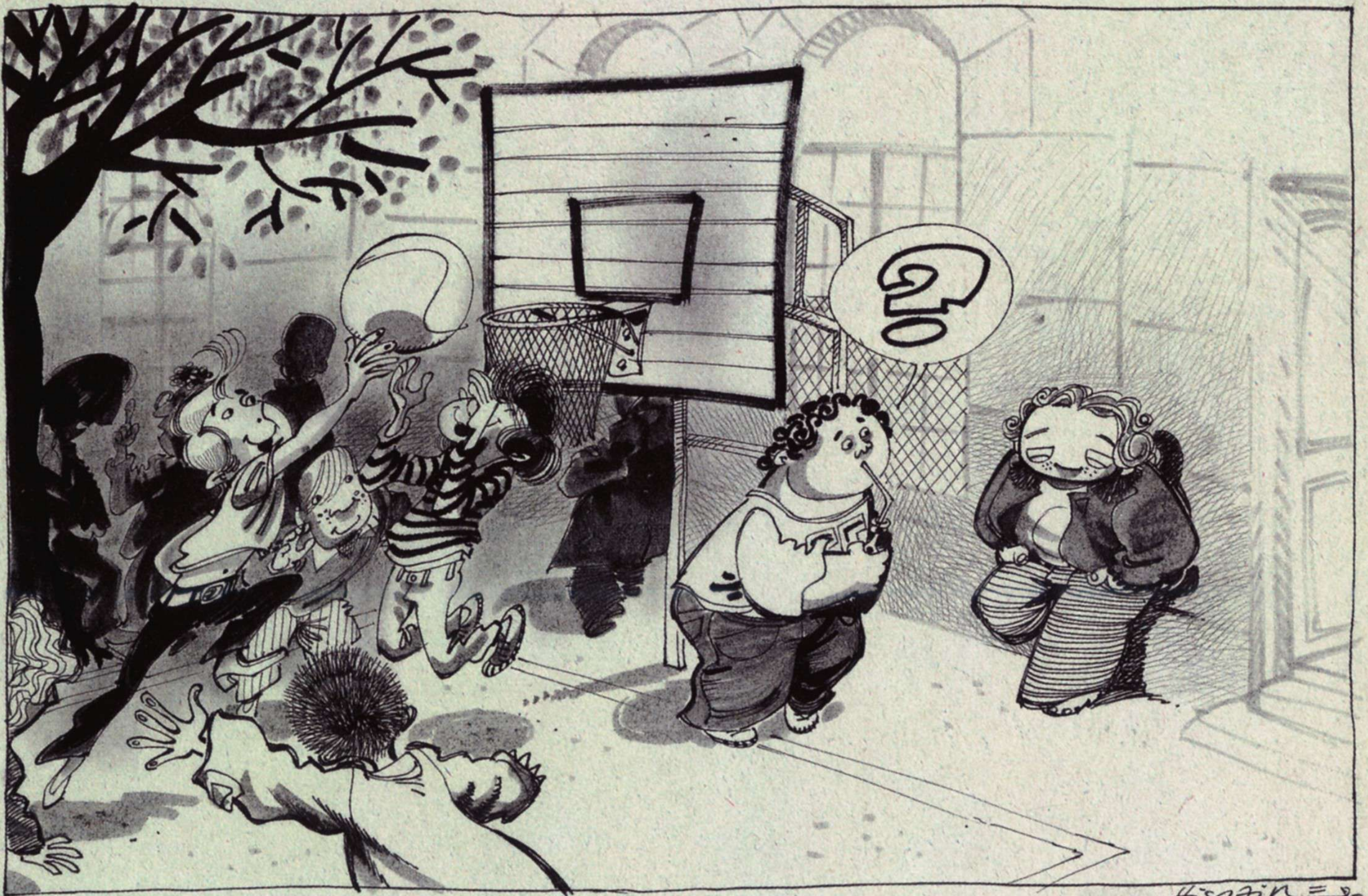
Glénat

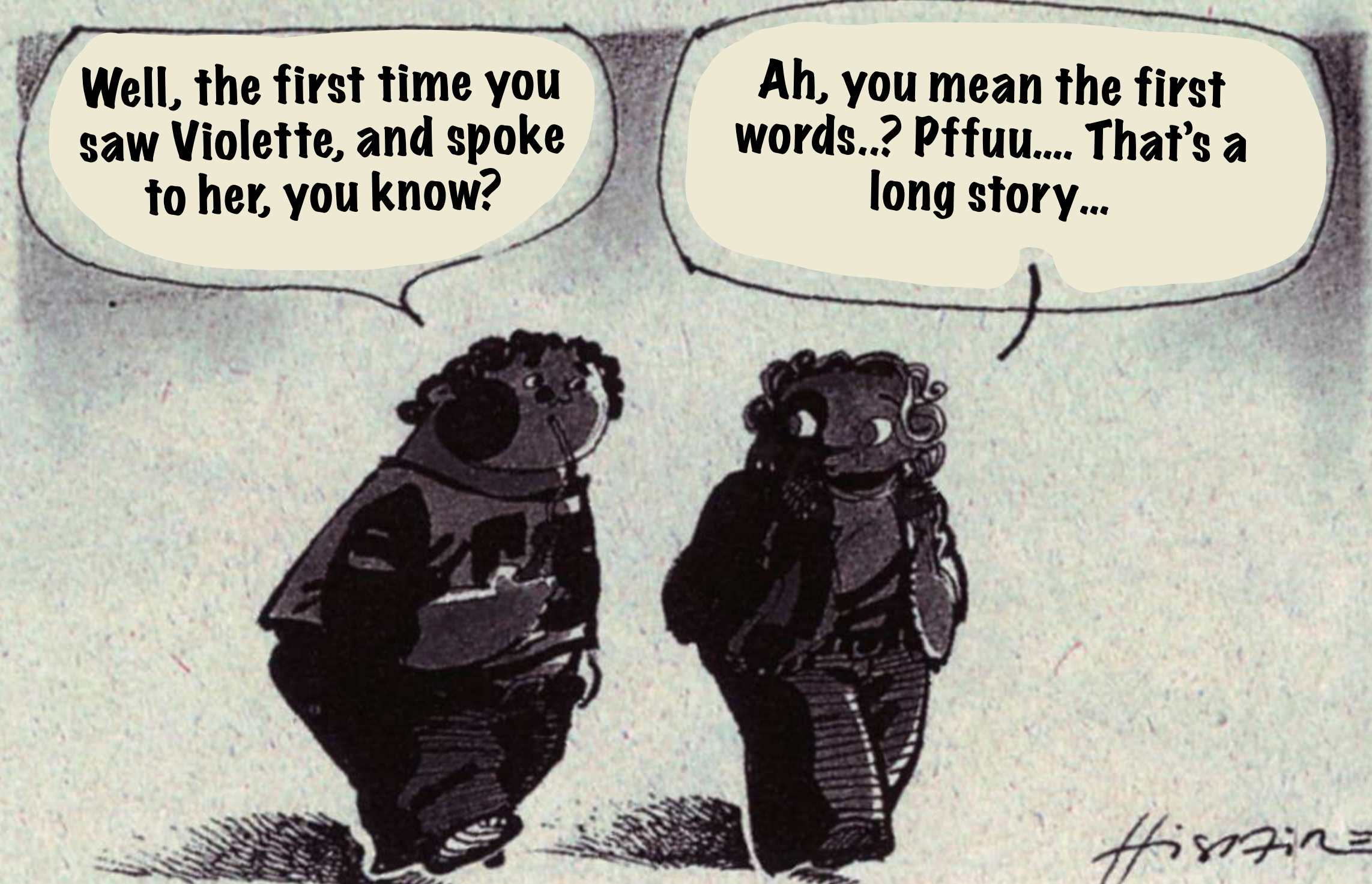
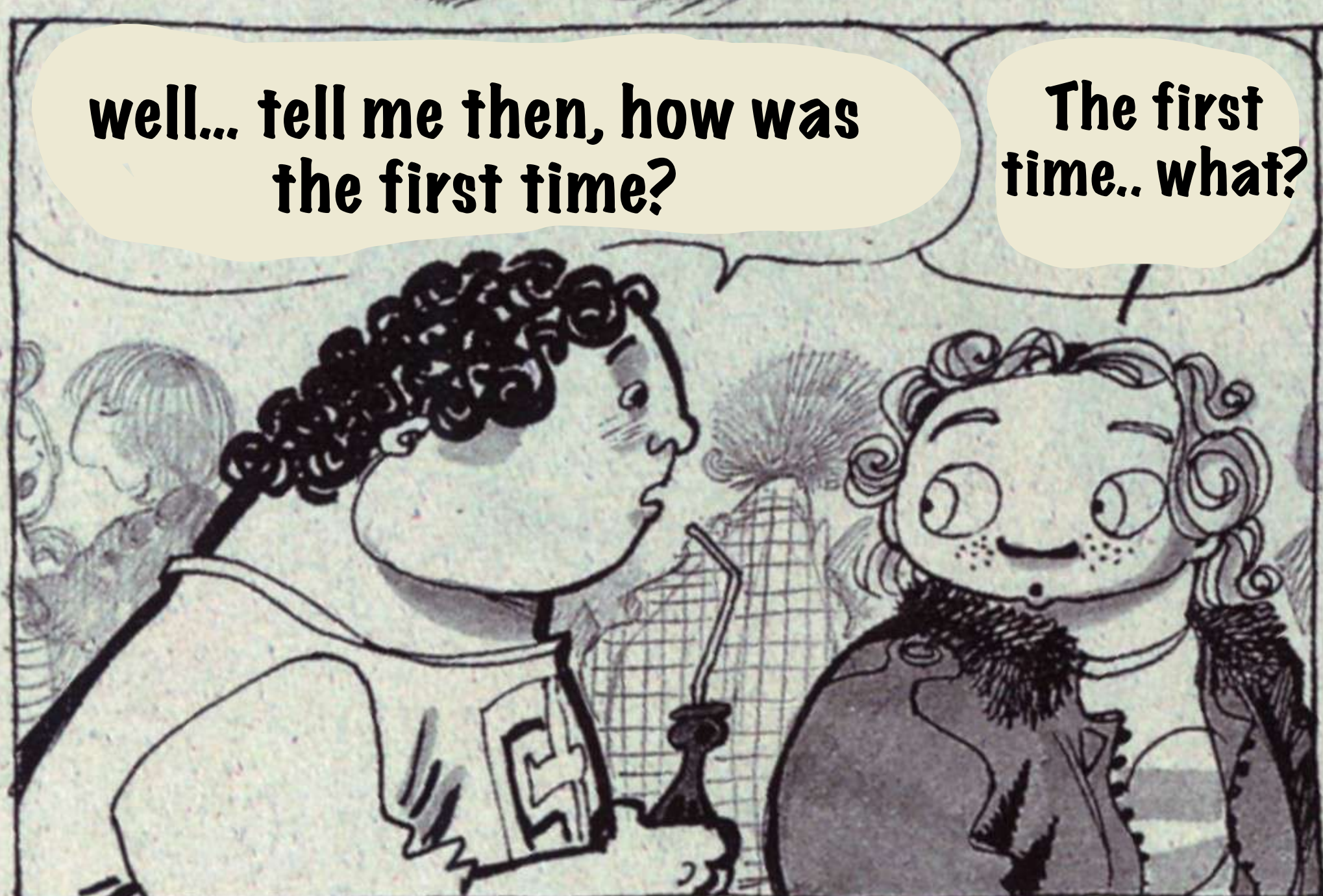
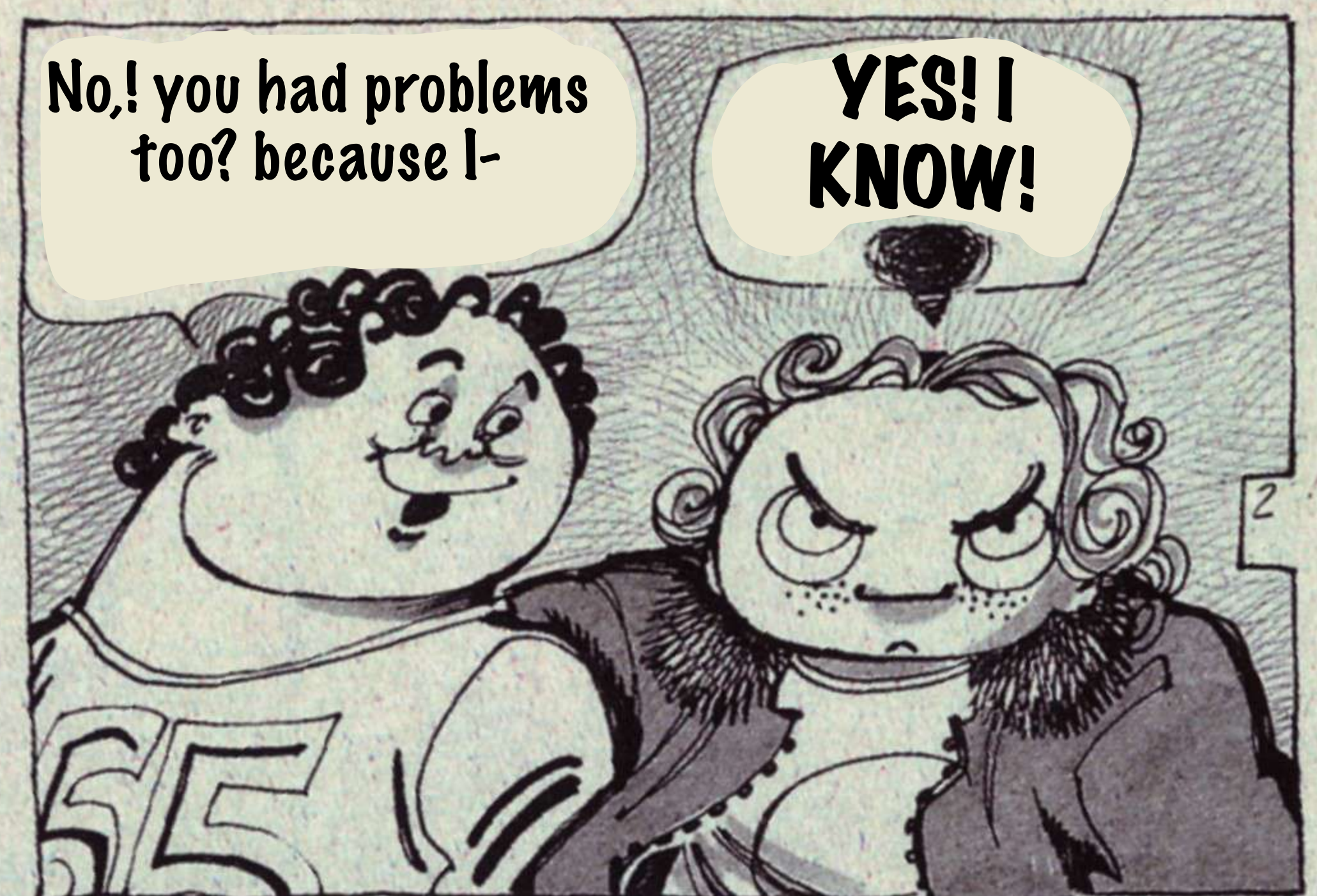
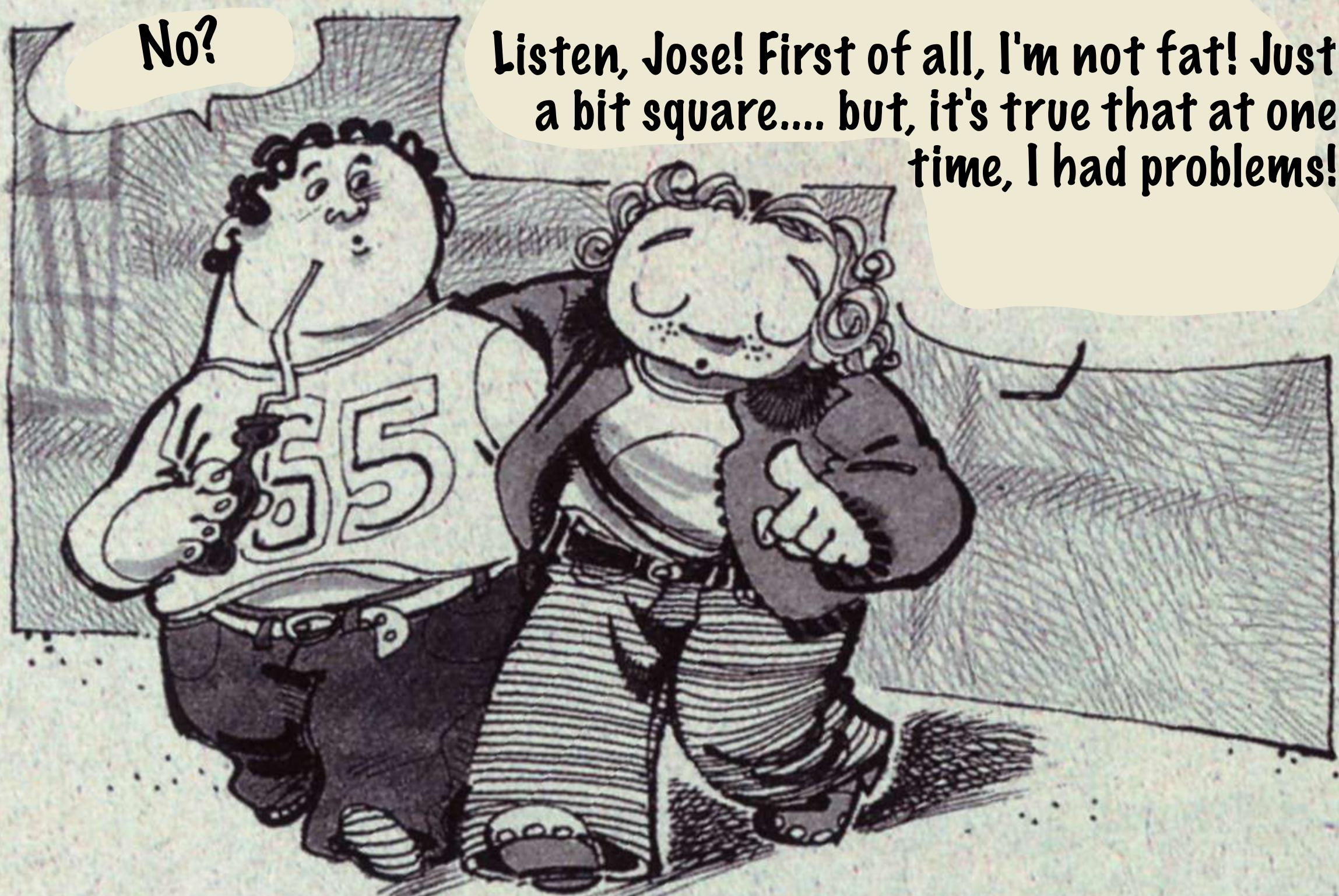
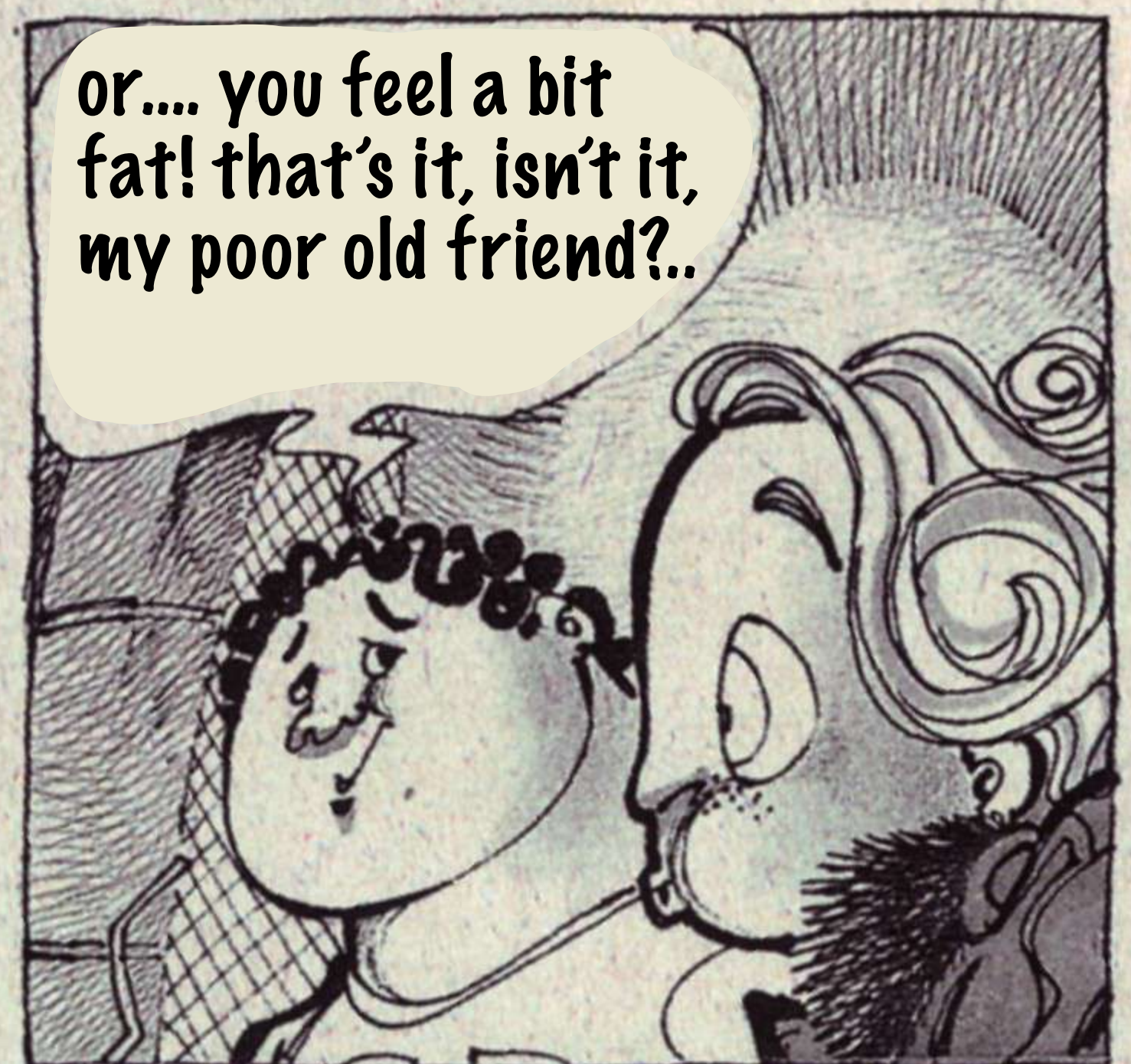
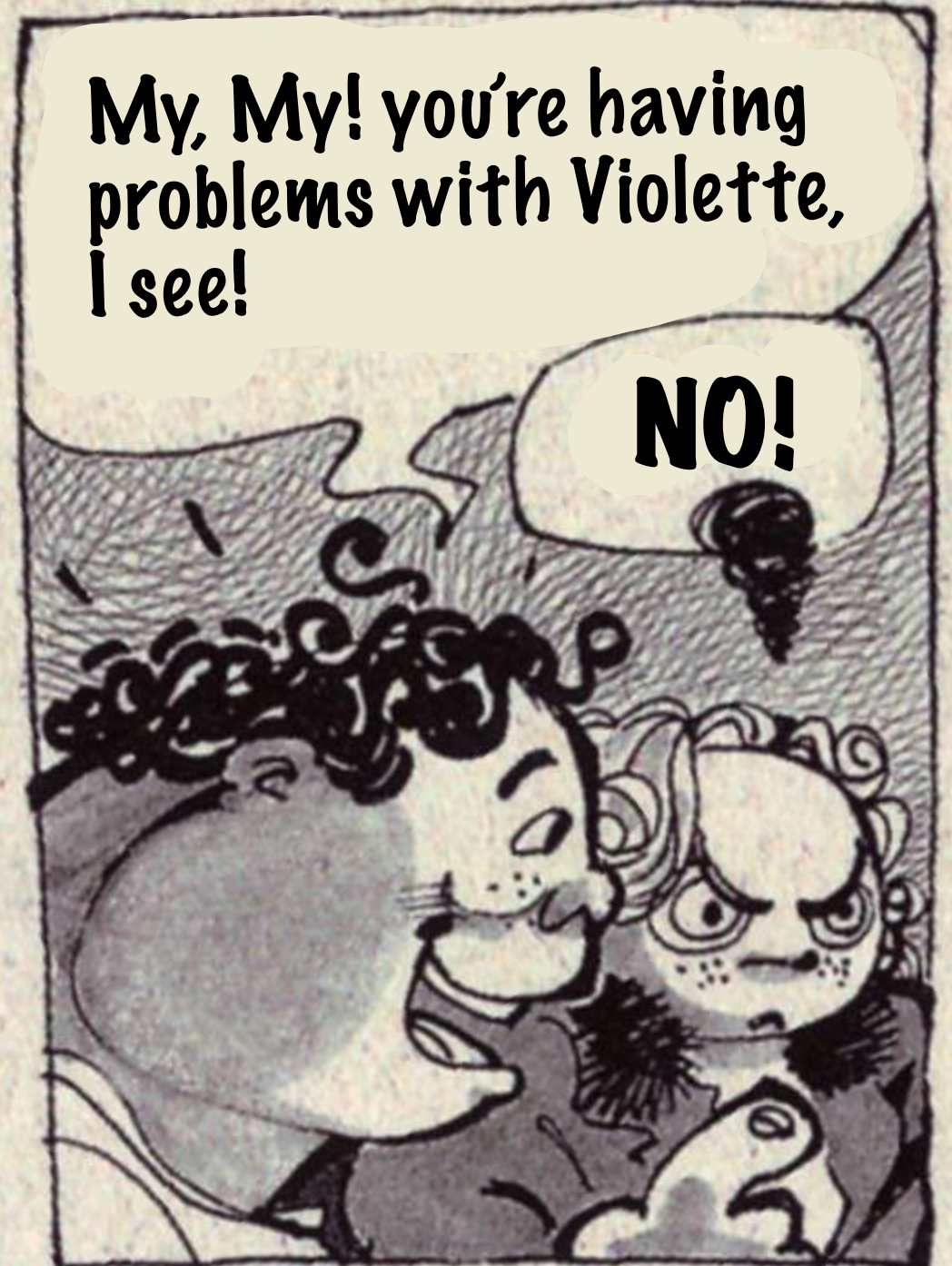
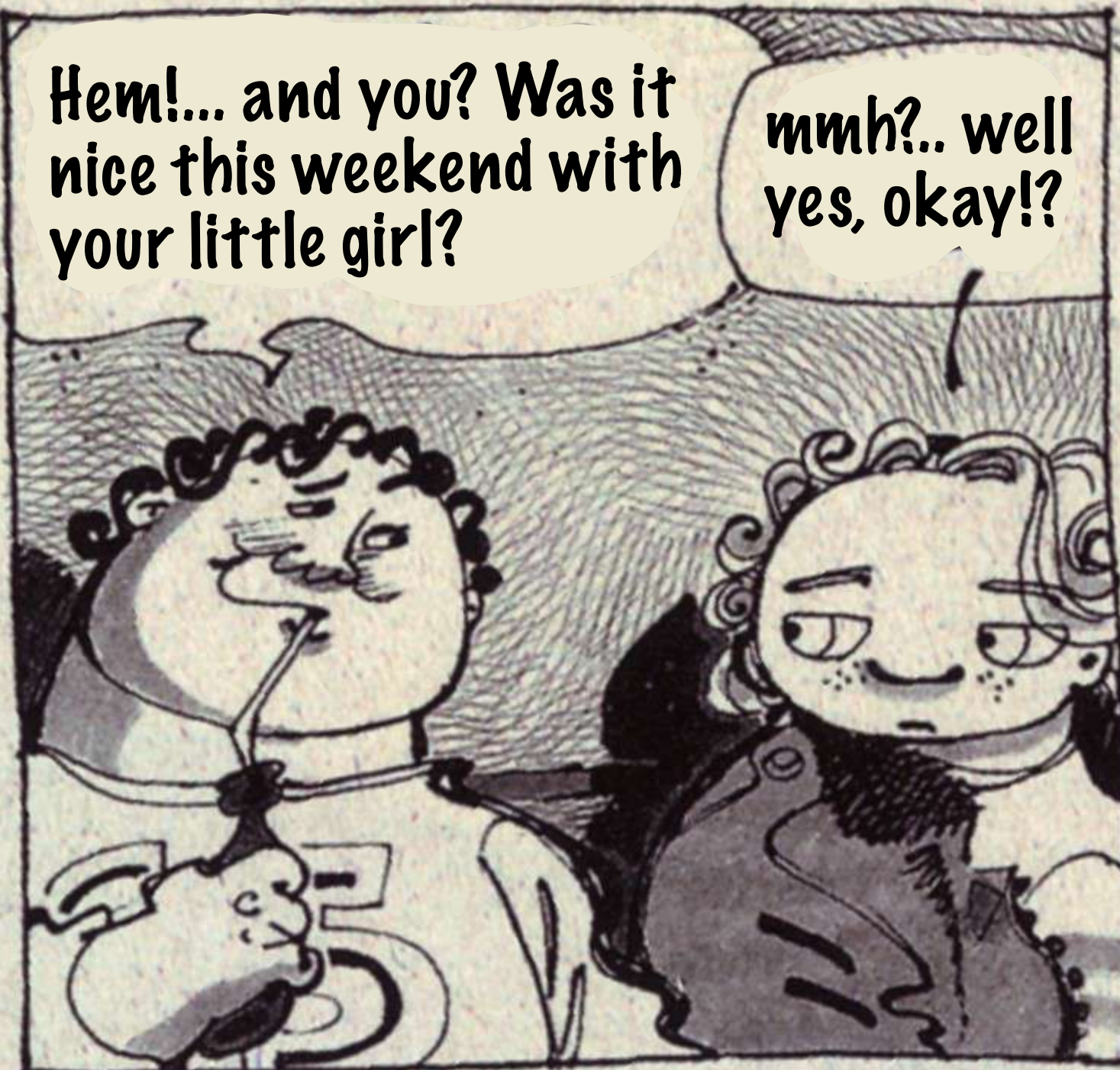
Bernard Hislaire

Bidouille & Violette

Melancholic chronicle
of a first love



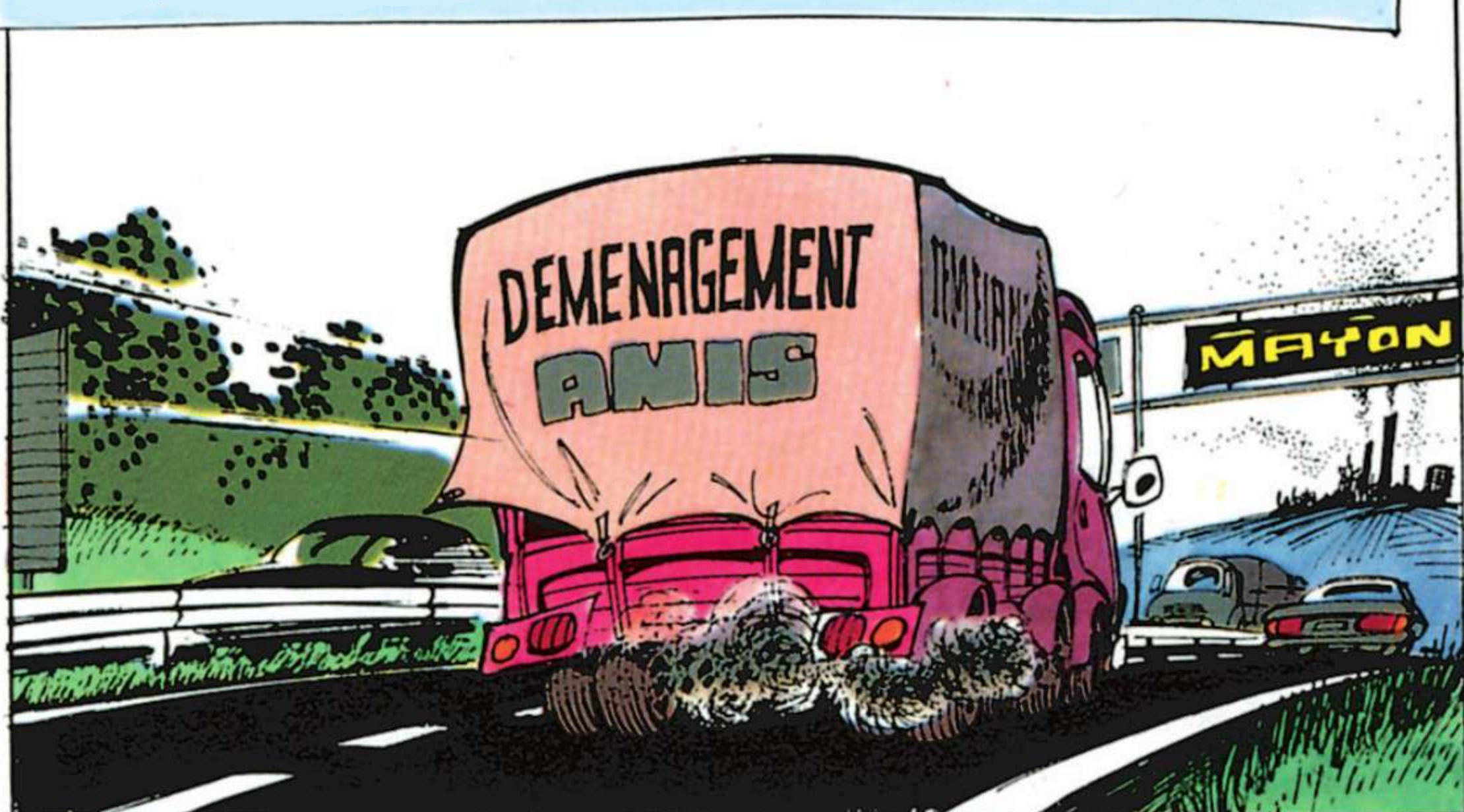




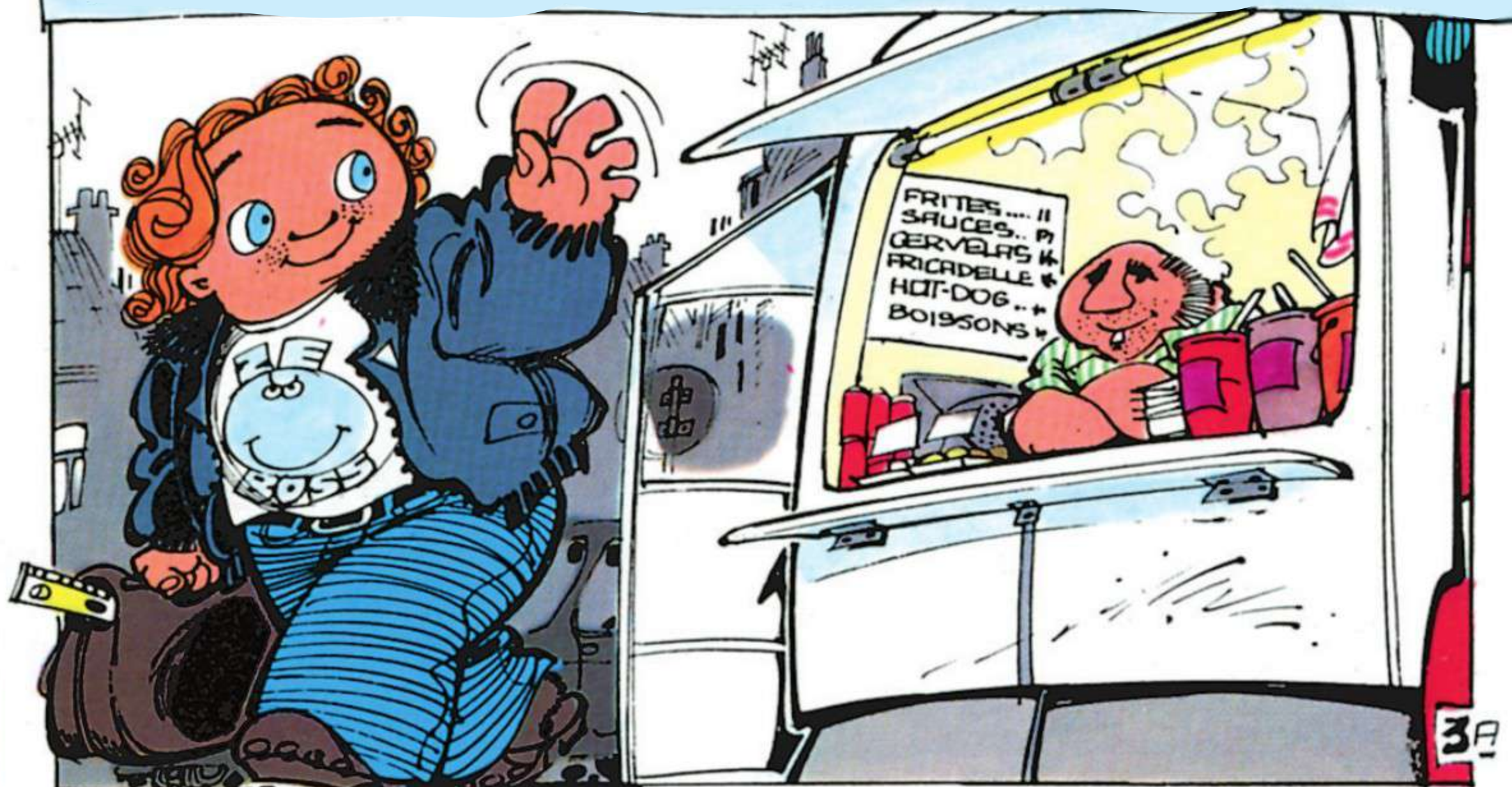
LES PREMIERS MOTS

B *v* *HISLAIRE*

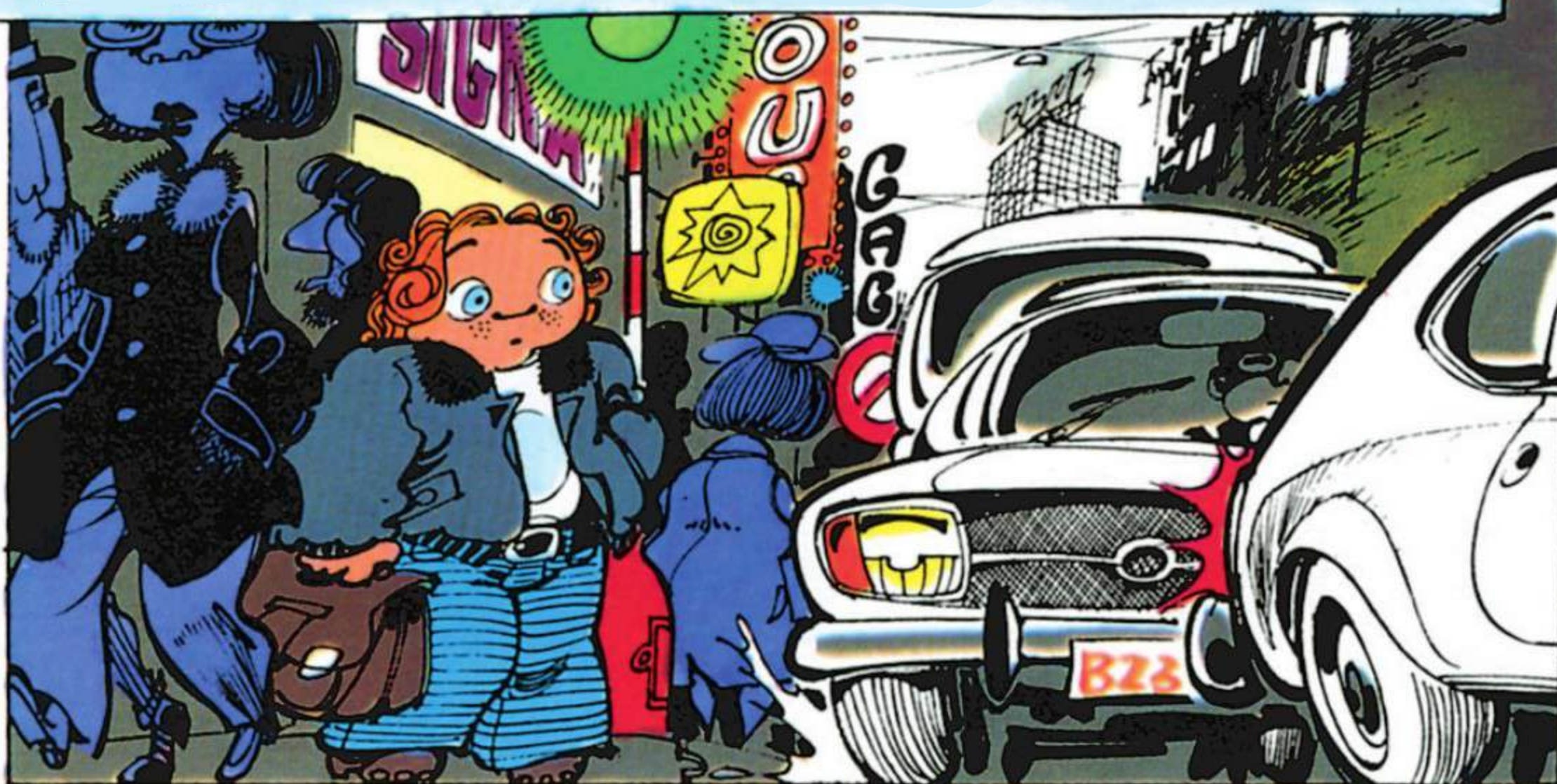
It was after my mother died. My father decided to move up north.



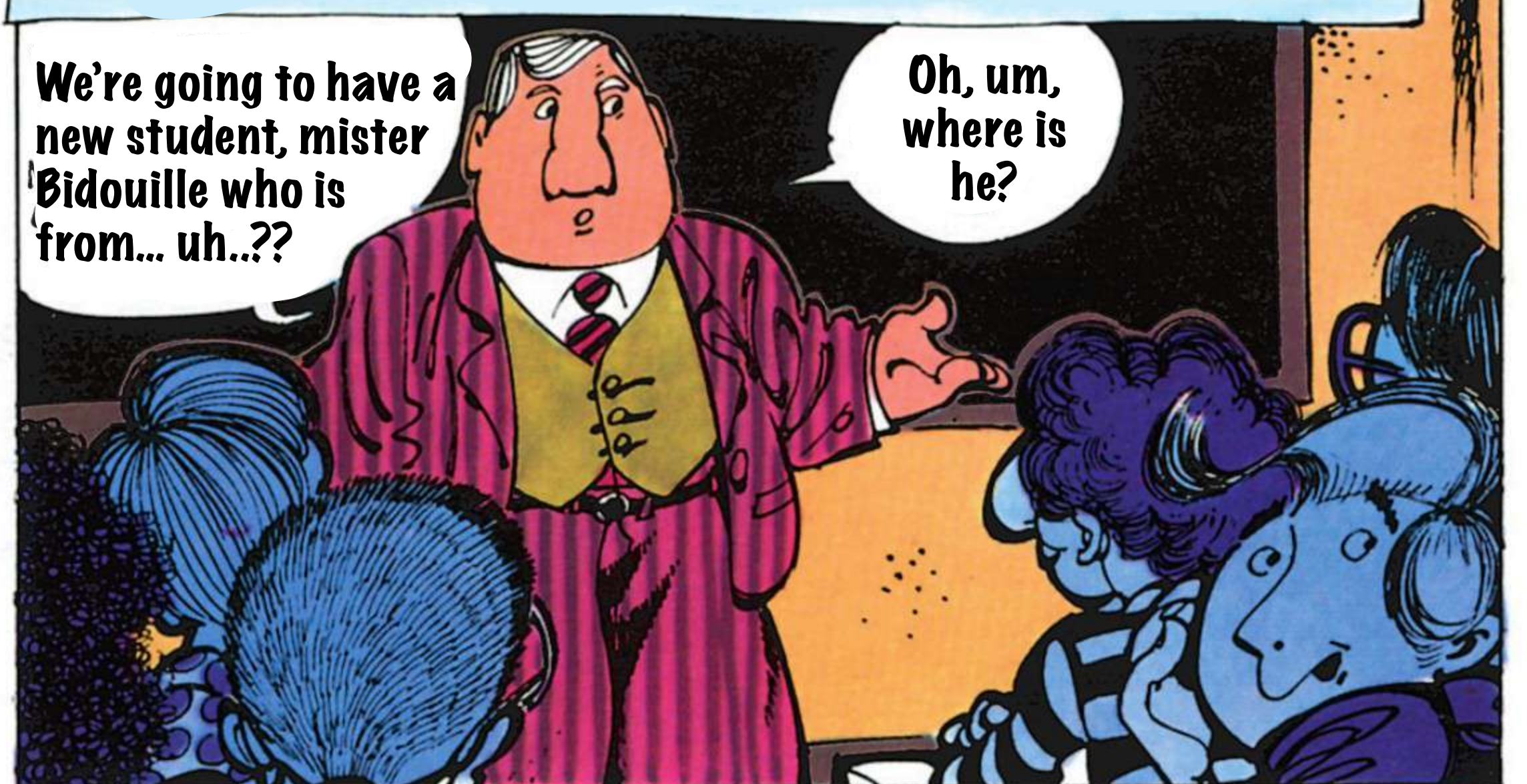
Dad found a job in Mayon selling french fries, and we settled to live in Jourdain, opposite to the barracks.



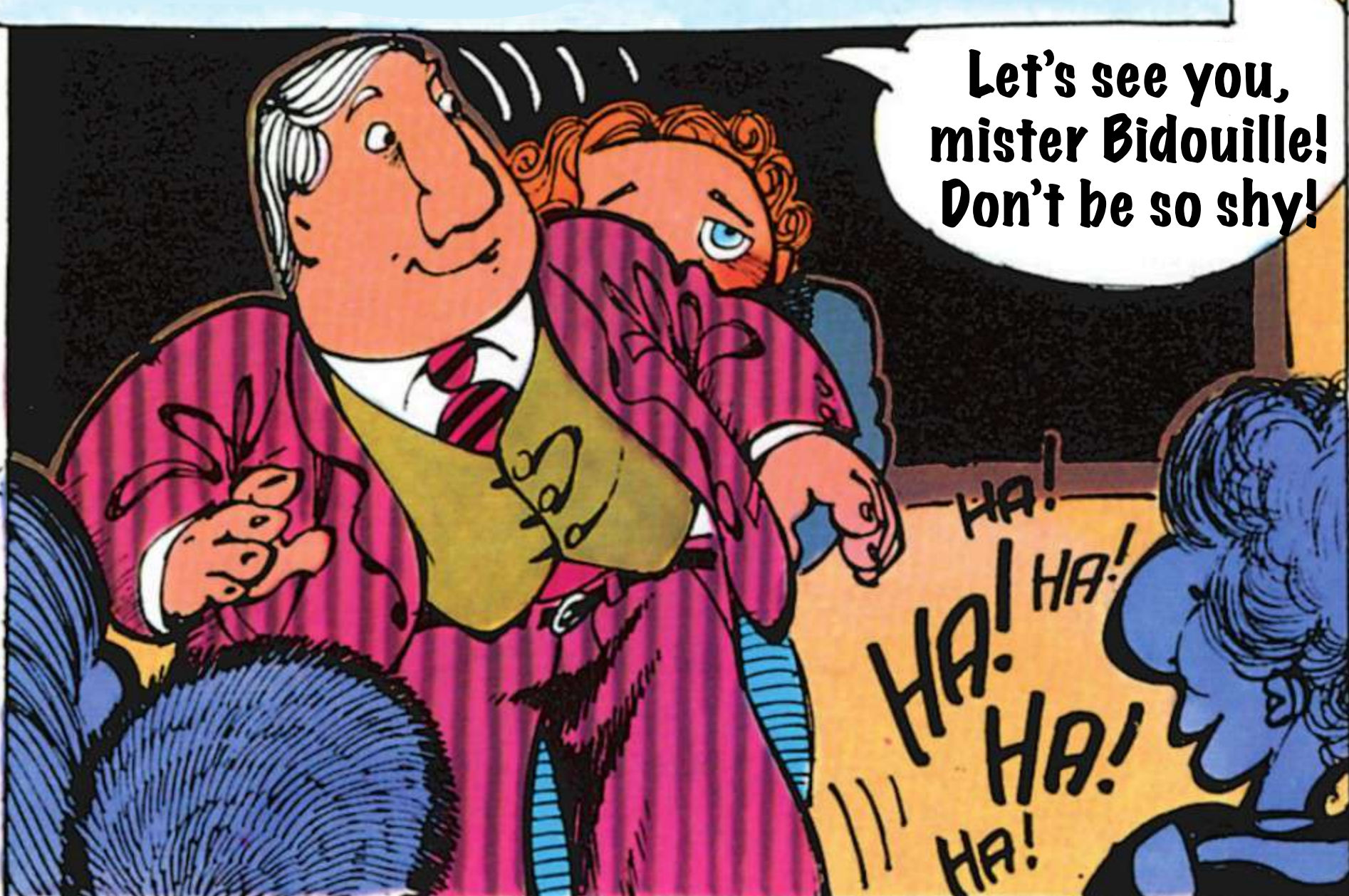
It wasn't Byzantine, but it was such a change from my local school and the cafe at the Bourg Les Cigales station.



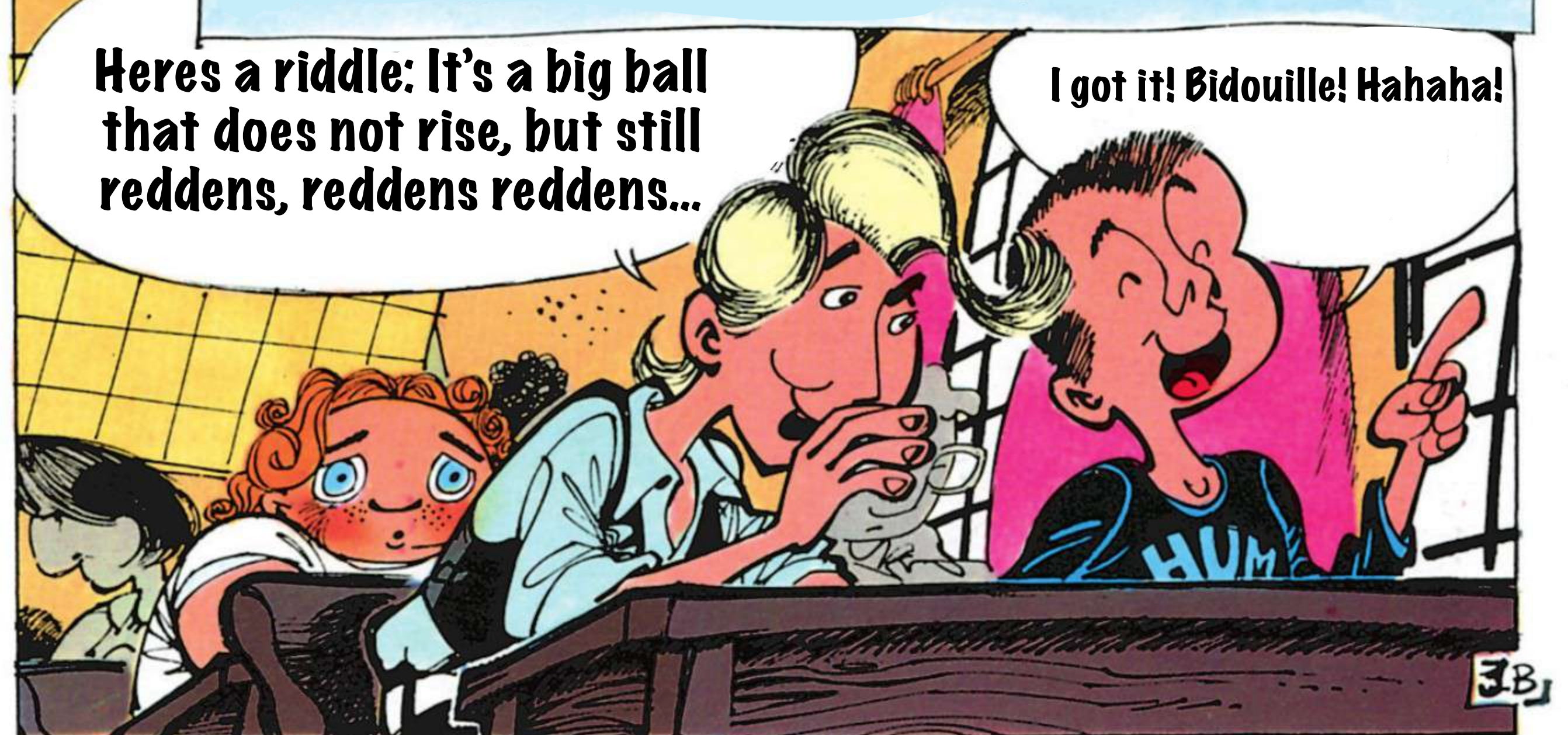
Pfuuu.. when I think about my first day at Machain high school... all those people... I wasn't used to it!!...



.....they weren't used to me either....



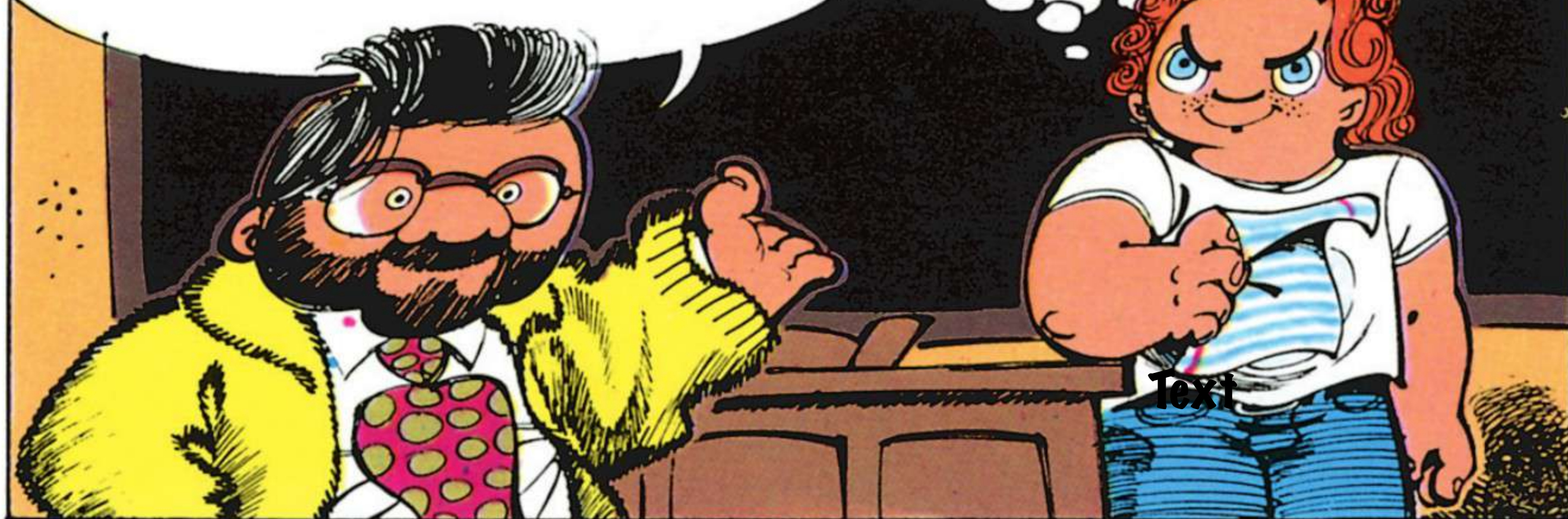
...But they got it quickly. Mostly, this boy named Juan....



..It's true that as the time I was rosier, but above all, I was more complex! And I had been working on my masterpieces...

...And now, mister Bidouille will present his poem to us!!

Haha! They'll see, I'll show them!



I couldn't find a clue what "capri" meant. "Fil fil fil" is an interjection for disgust or contempt

"Capri, It's over! And they say I'm blushing! I tell you: Fil fil fil..."



The following three were more well received.. and it was I who understood not; all their poems seemed to be about the same thing....

Ahh! Violette! When I saw you, you were my Juliet, but I wasn't Montague!



Darling, let us go see the Violette which this morning bloomed has yet shown her legs....



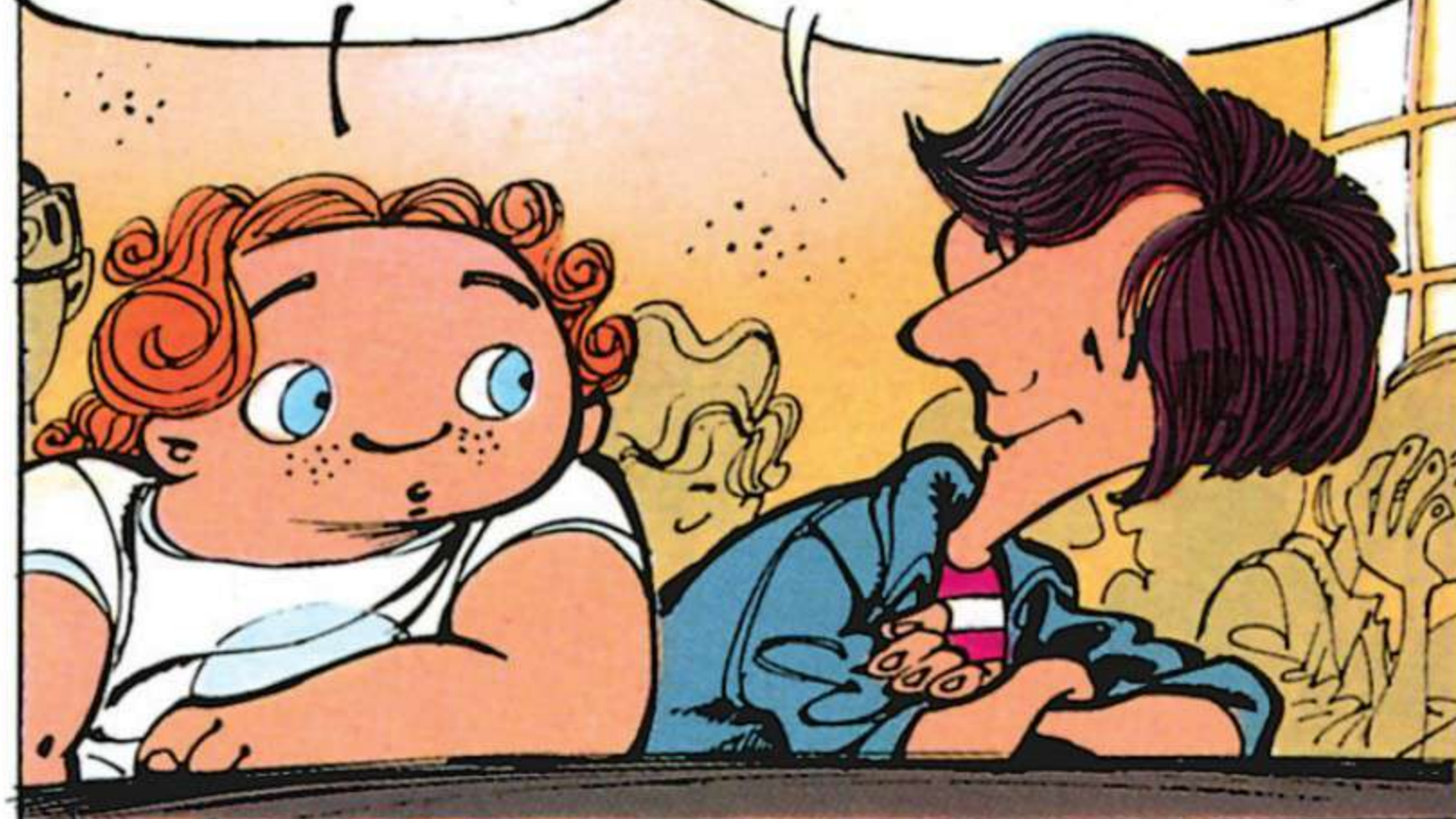
"Violette, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, But you love me not!"



*people from Mayon are referred to as mayonnaise

Say, uh... Why are they all talking about the same flower?

Well buddy, we can see you're not Mayonnaise! Violette is a girl!..

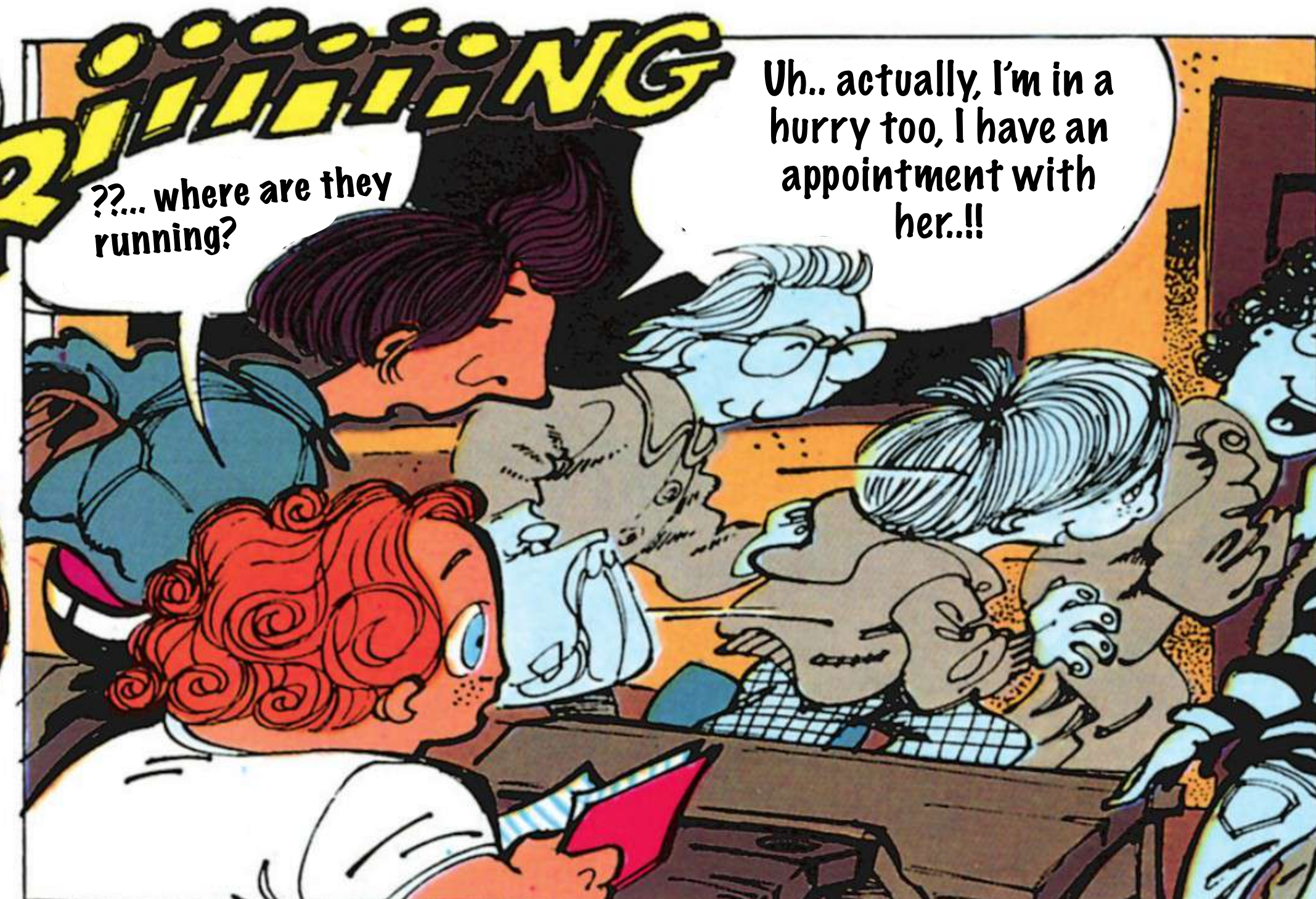


....And in Mayon, everyone is in love with violett-



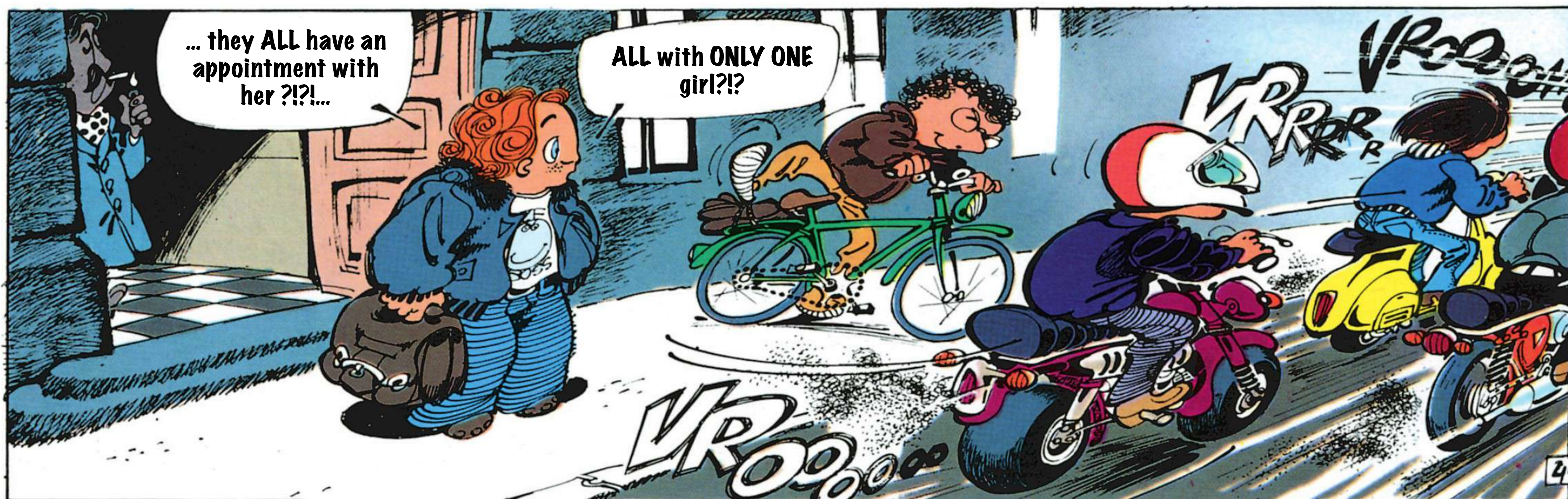
??... where are they running?

Uh.. actually, I'm in a hurry too, I have an appointment with her..!!



... they ALL have an appointment with her ?!?!...

ALL with ONLY ONE girl!?!?



HISLIRE 80

The next day, conversations seemed to be going well in the courtyard, so I decided to find out more....

But nothing, kid! You have no chance!

Yes I do! It was me she was looking at!

....besides, I brought flowers! to her house!

uh... say, guys...

Eh? me too!

....uh... could I accompany you guys to your next meeting? I would also like to recount this Violette....

YOU HAVE NO CHANCE!!!...

well.... well I don't want to flirt with her anyways!

It would be ridiculous! The son of a chip seller in love with a Mayonnaise!!..

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

Ho! Ho!

Brutes! you're all such brutes!!!

Whatever! tomorrow I'll take my father's bike and follow them anyways!

..besides, I'm onto their game... It's stupid to wait for her outside the exit of her high school...

and what did I do?..

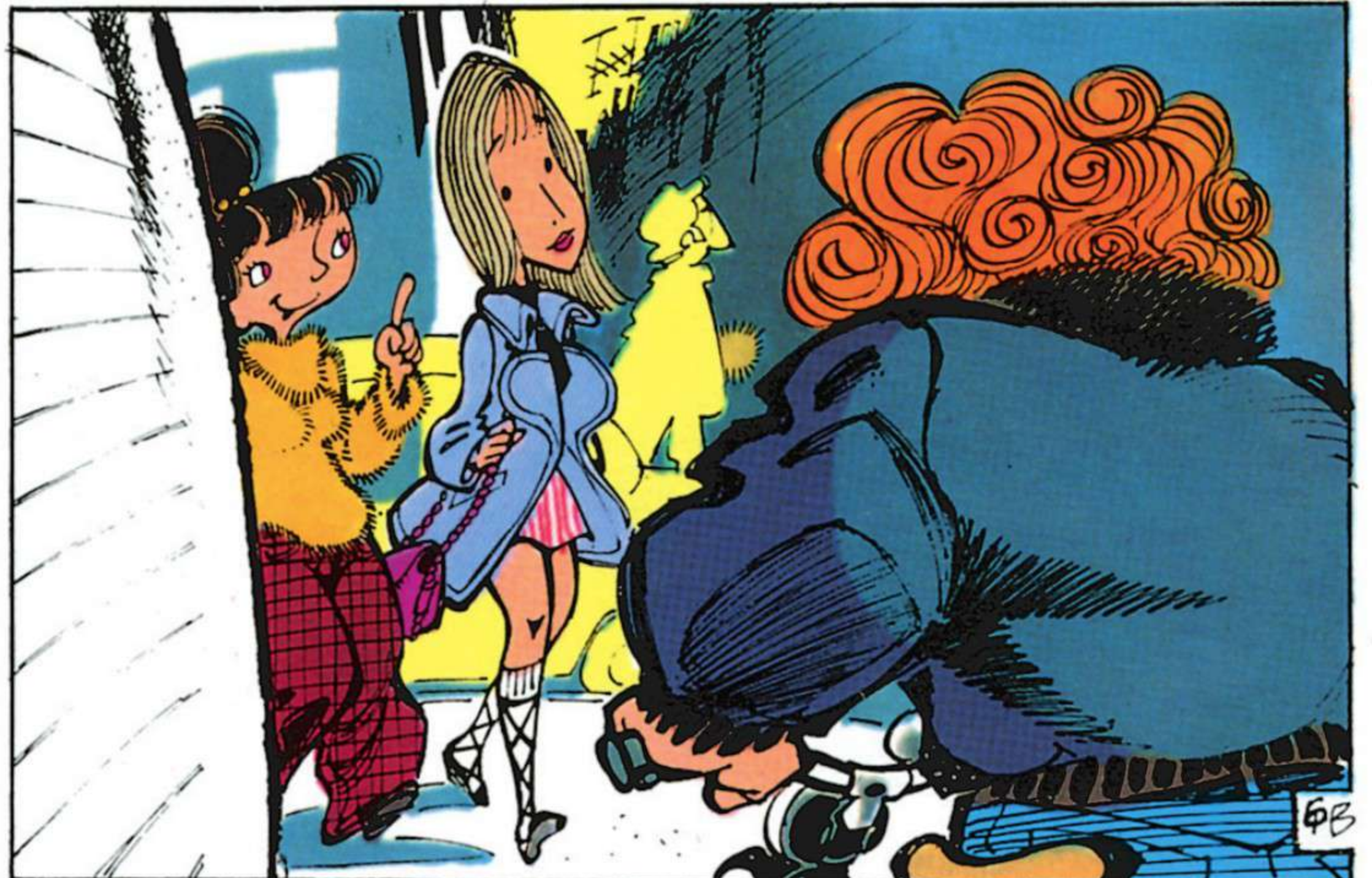
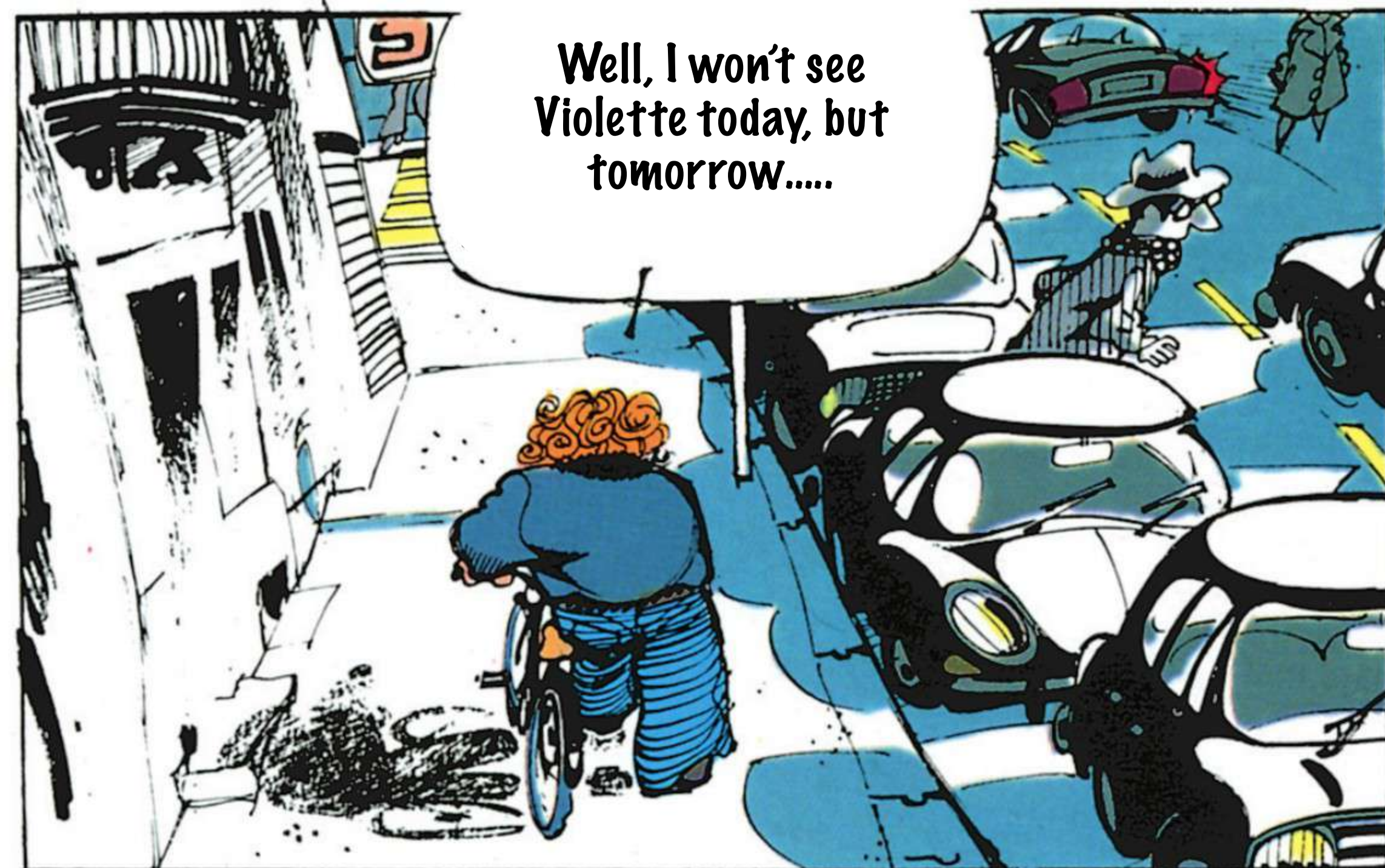
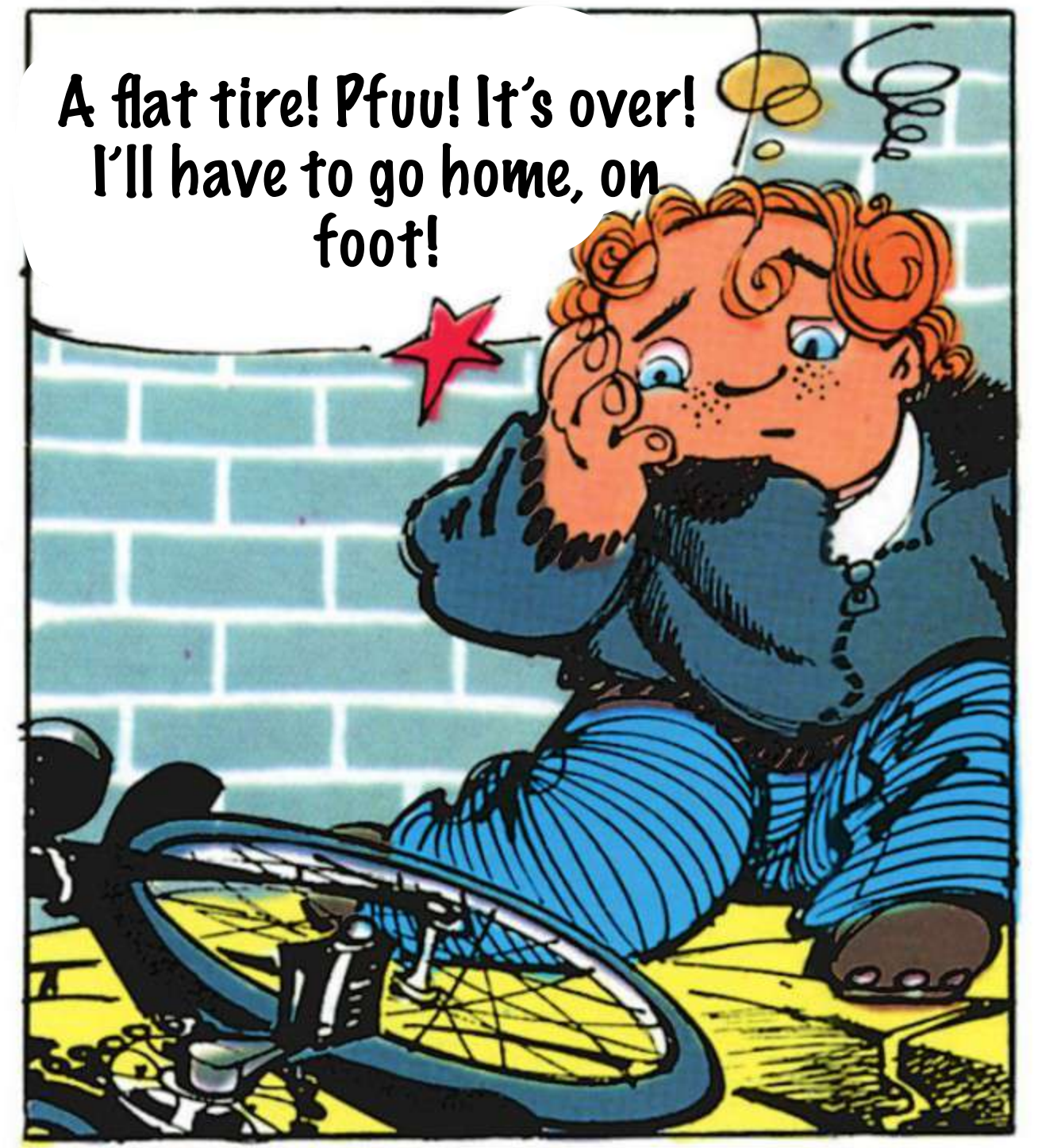
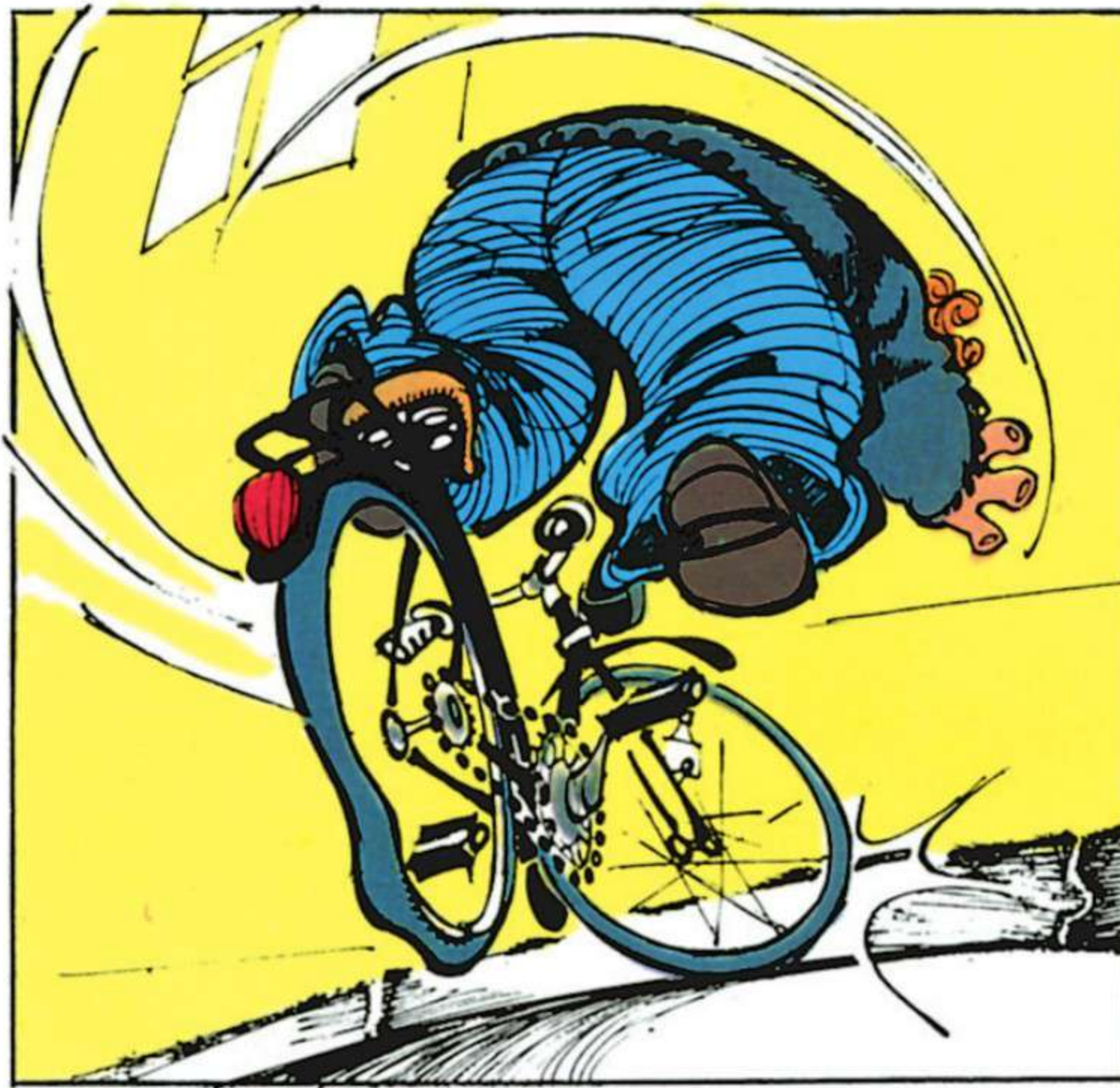
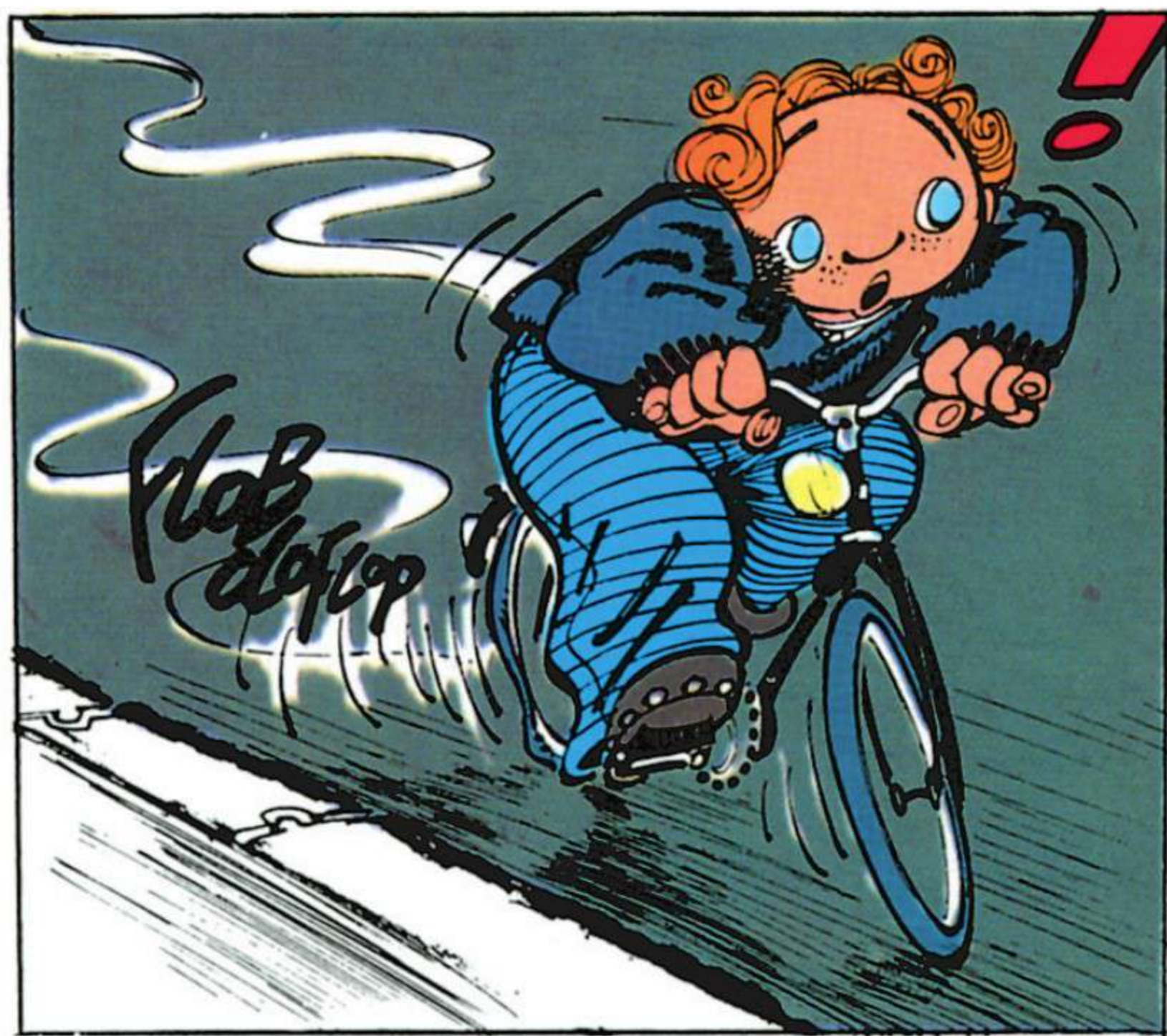
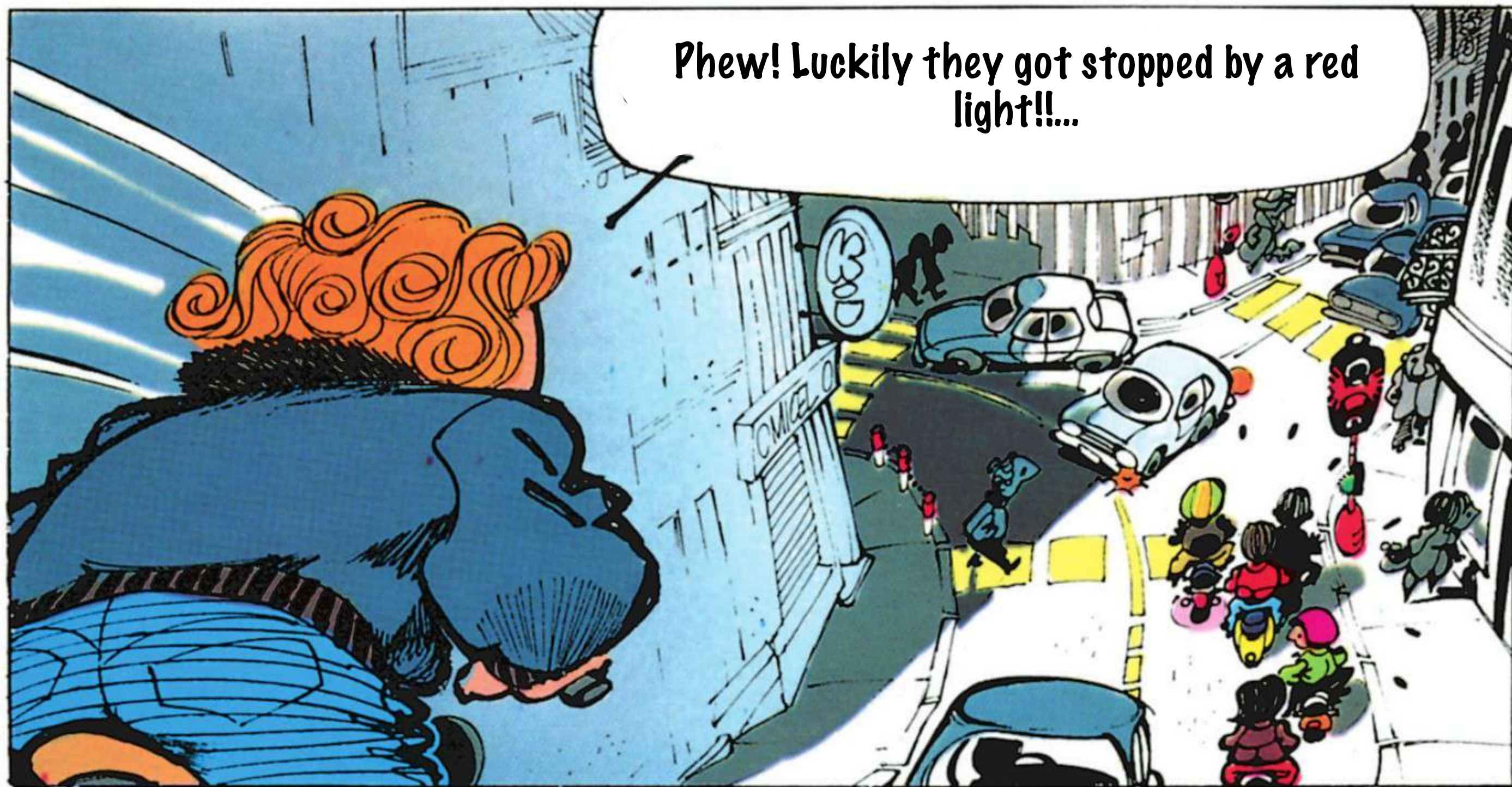
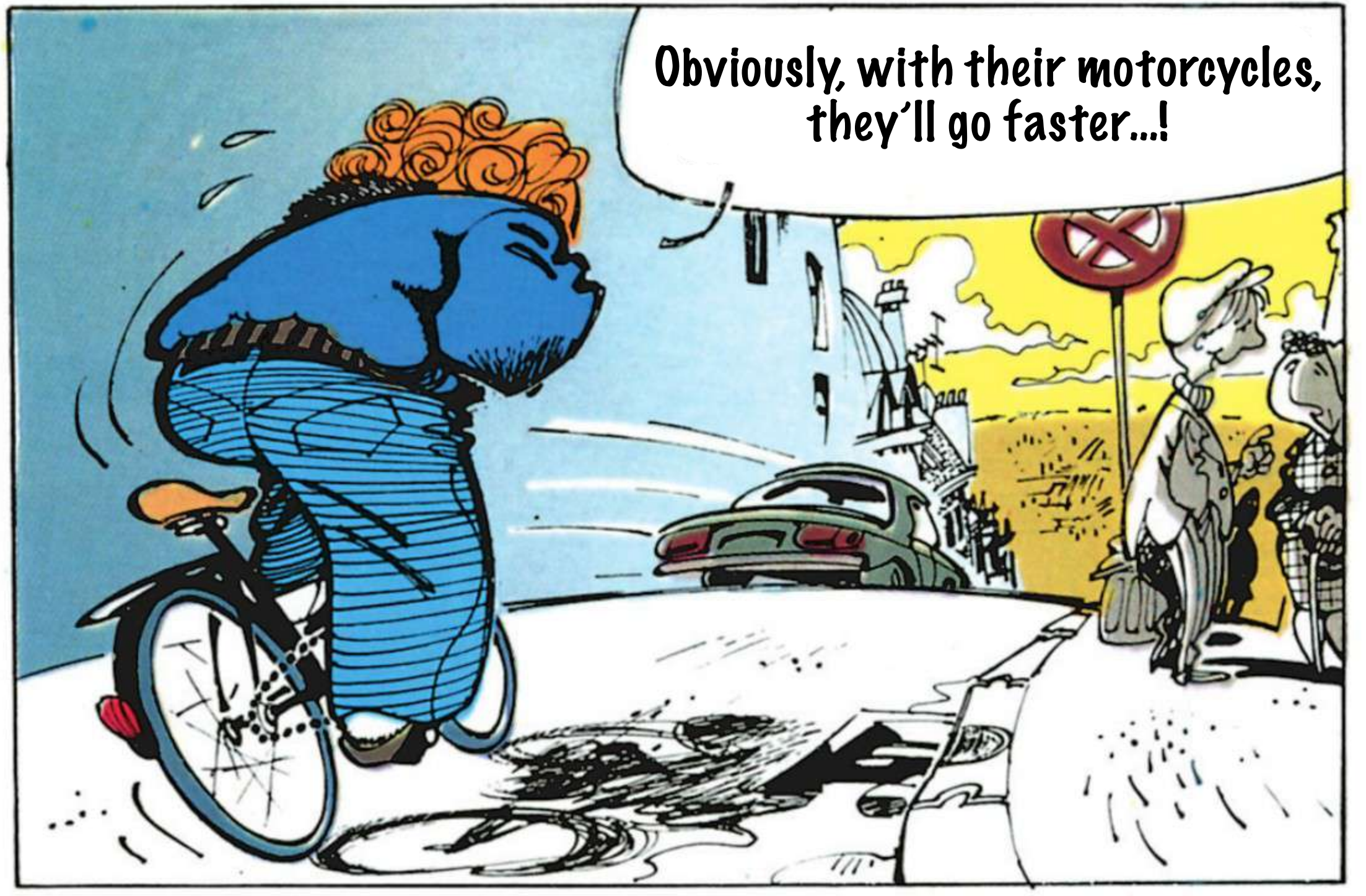
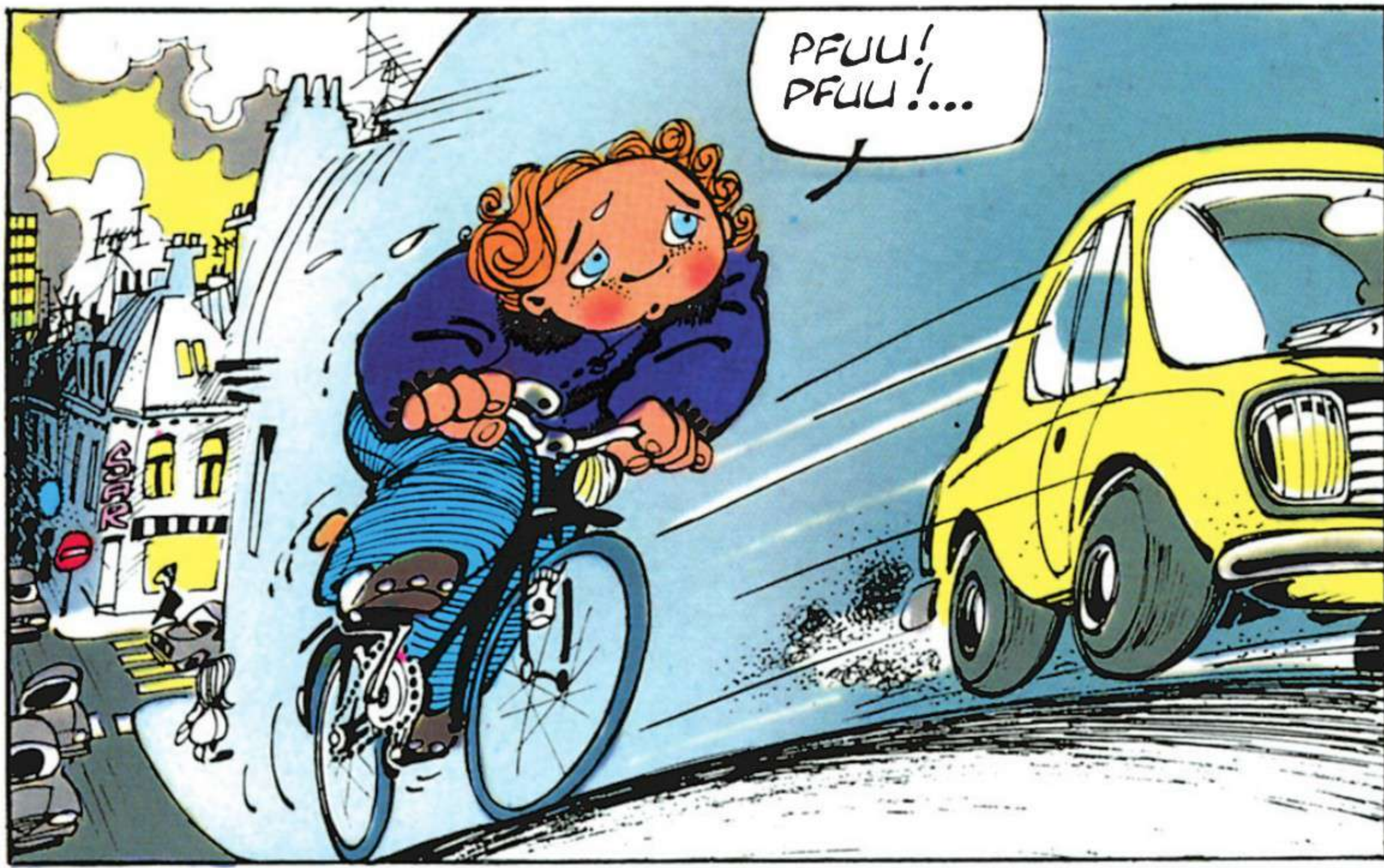
To Saint Tutty, you guys!

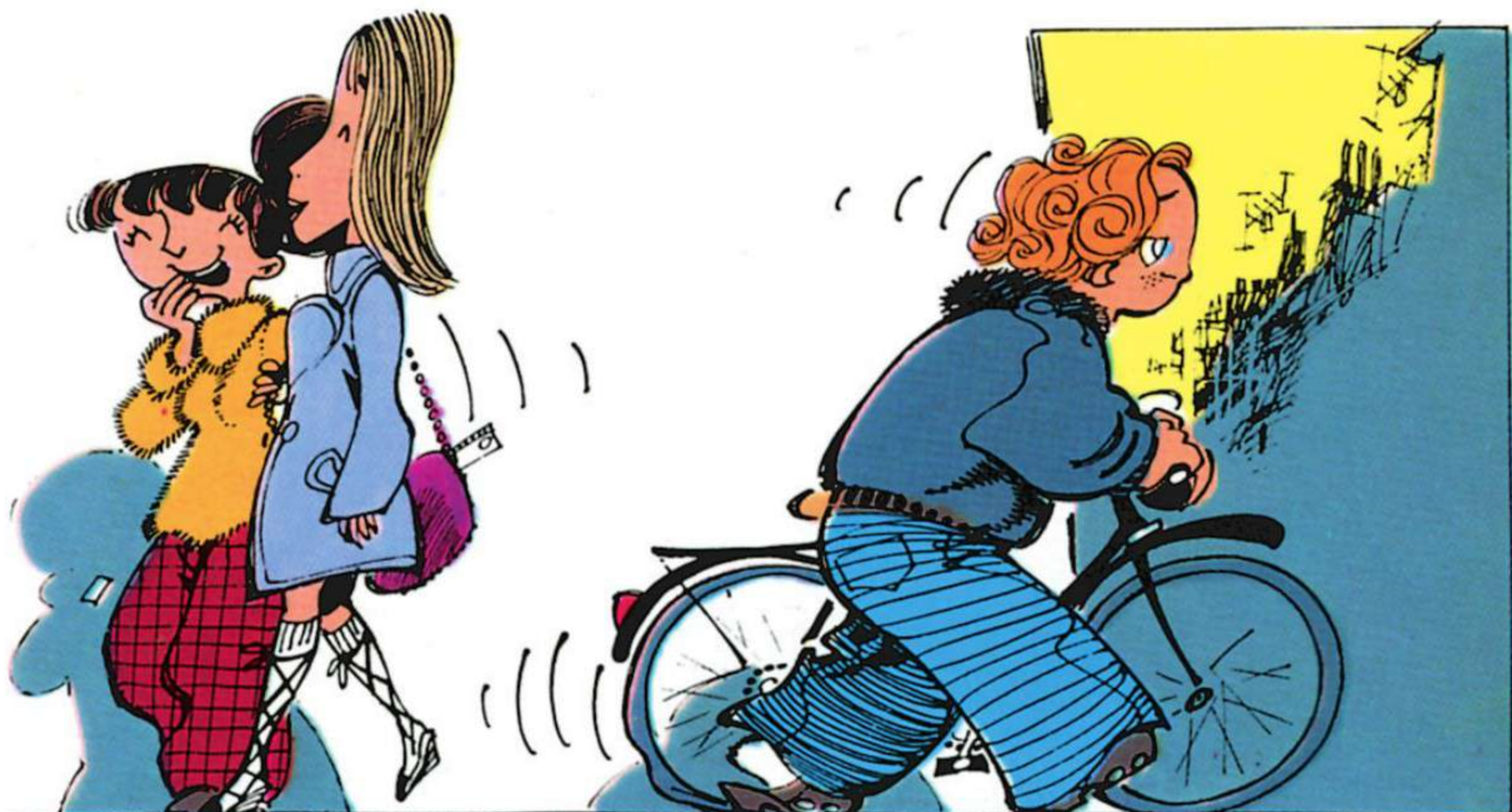
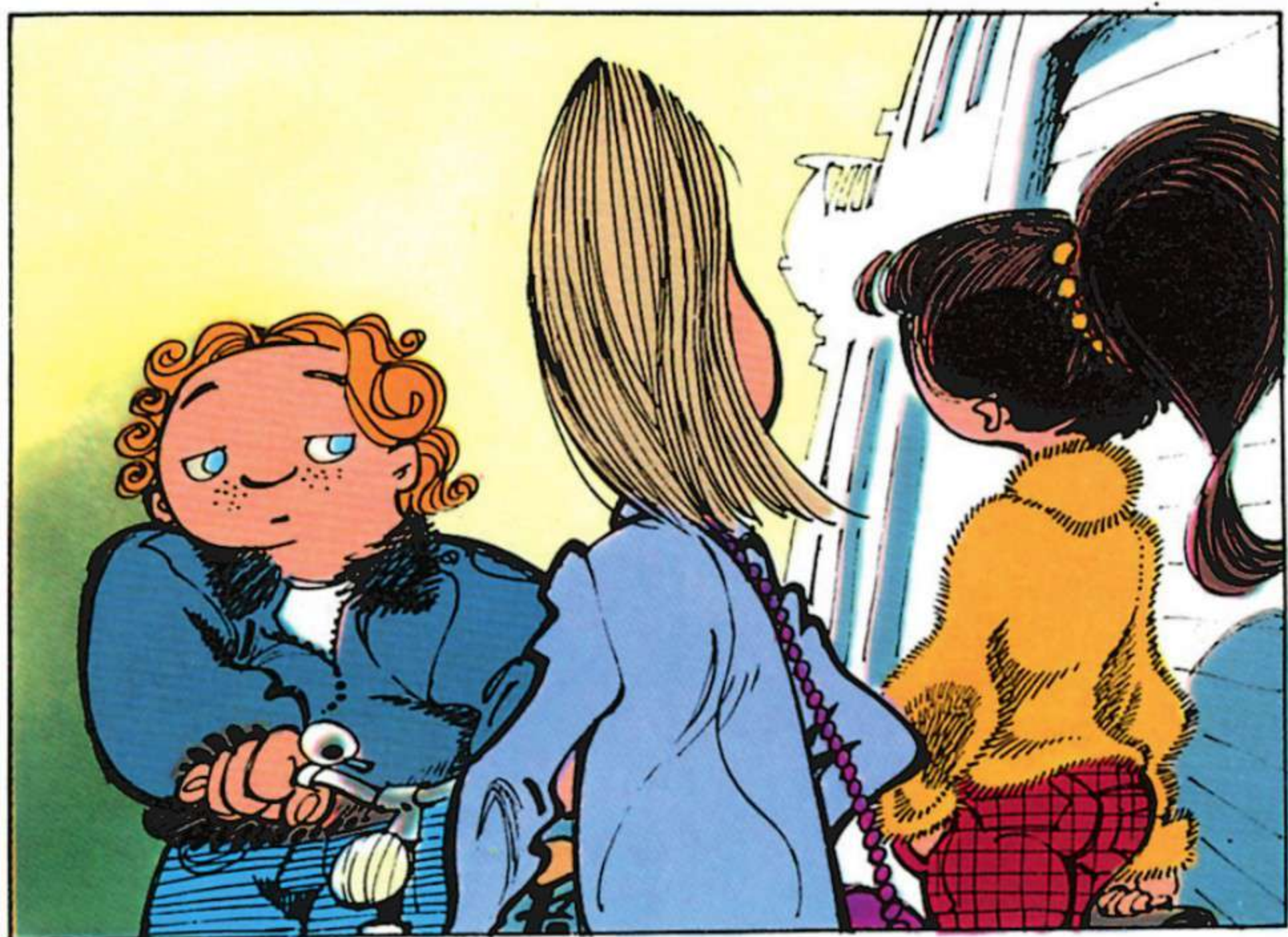
VROM

GROUILLEZ-VOUS!

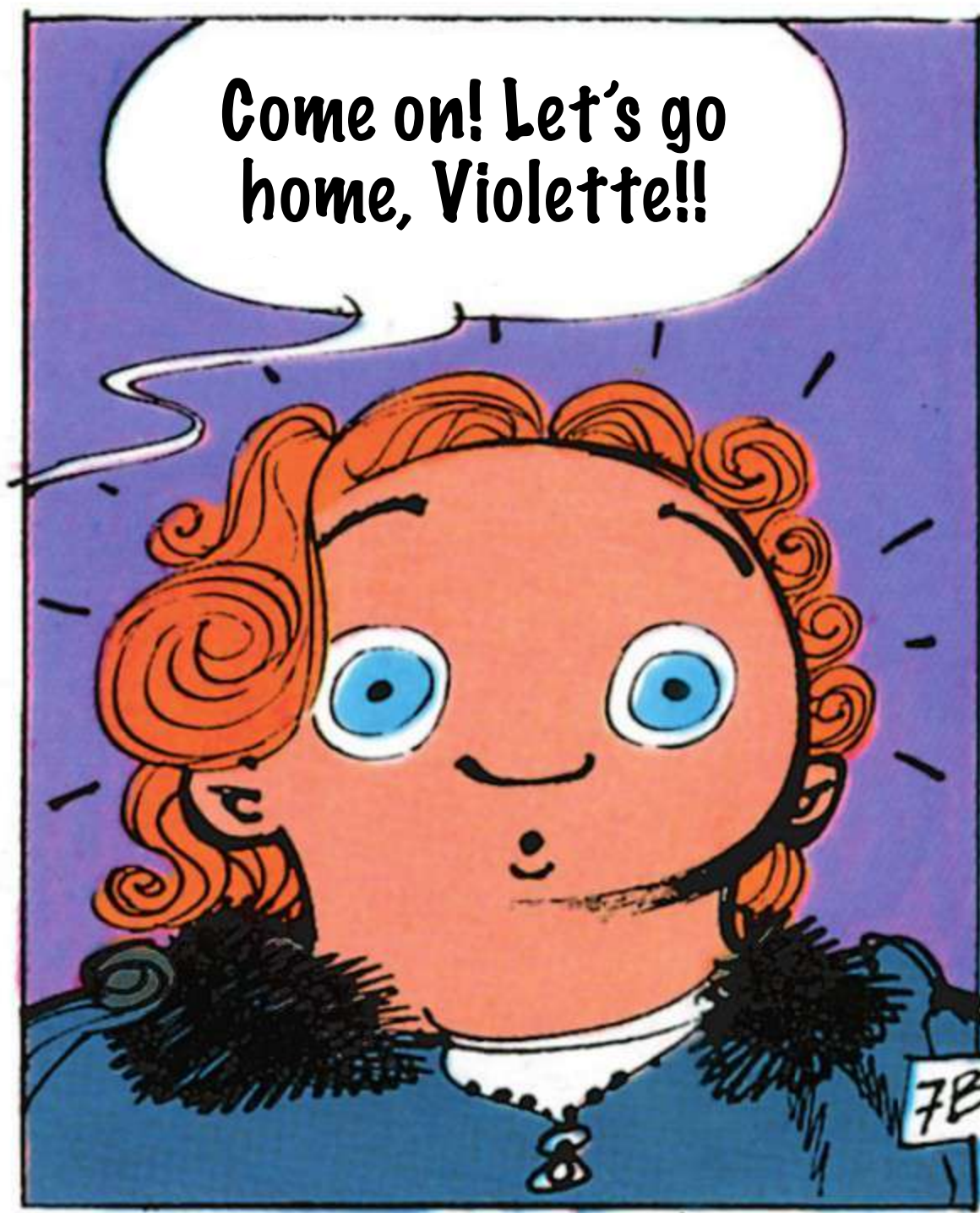
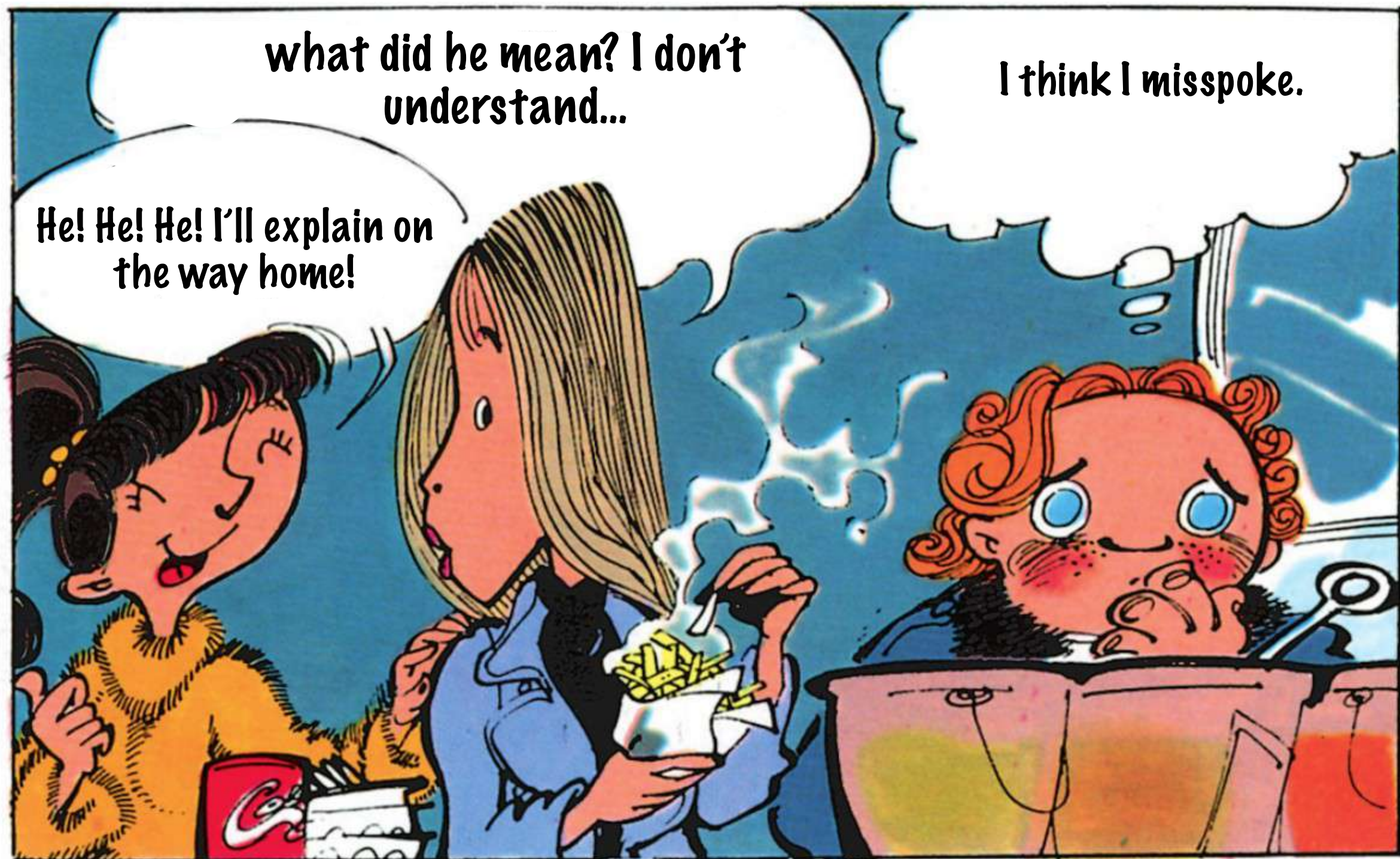
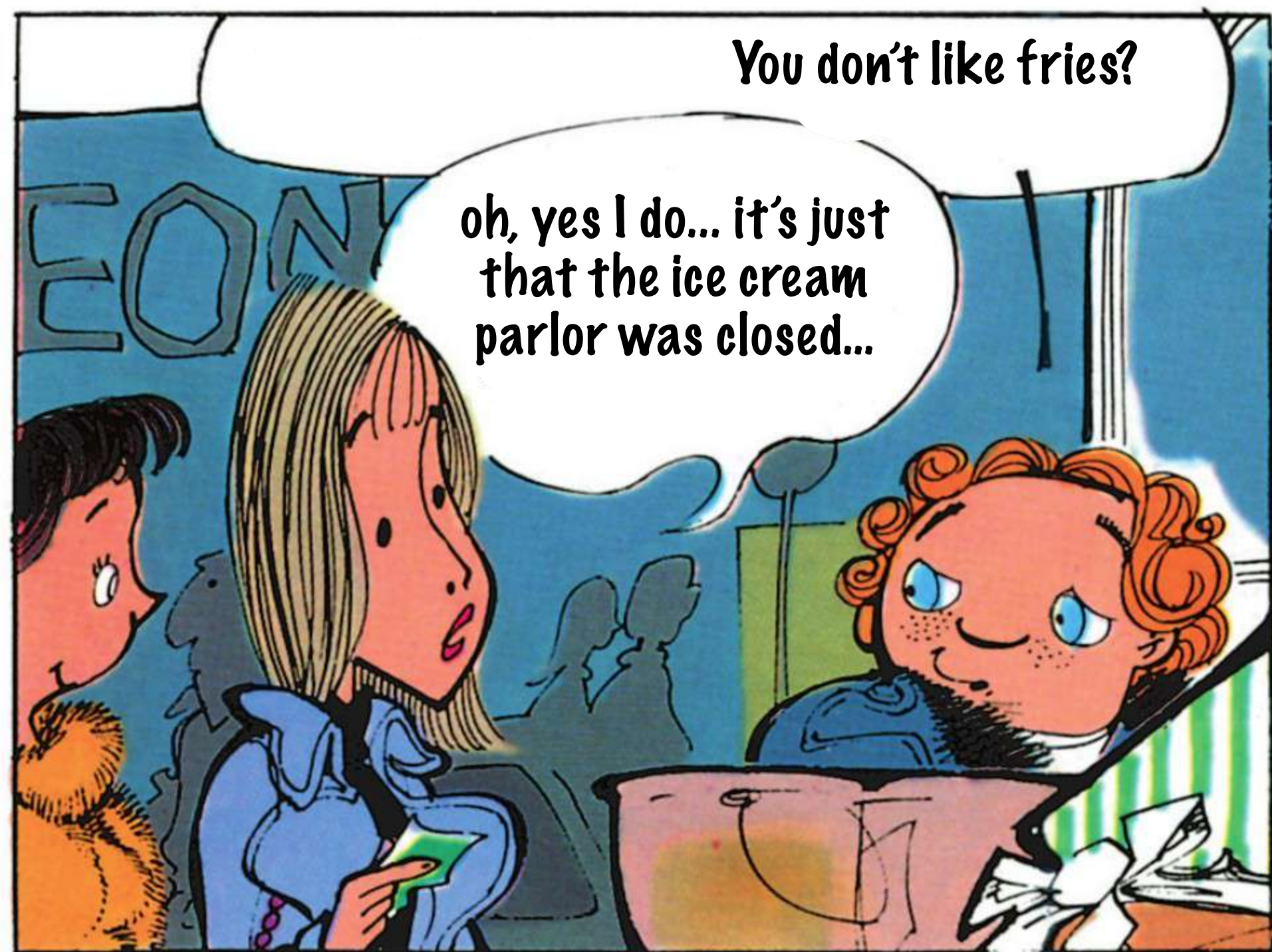
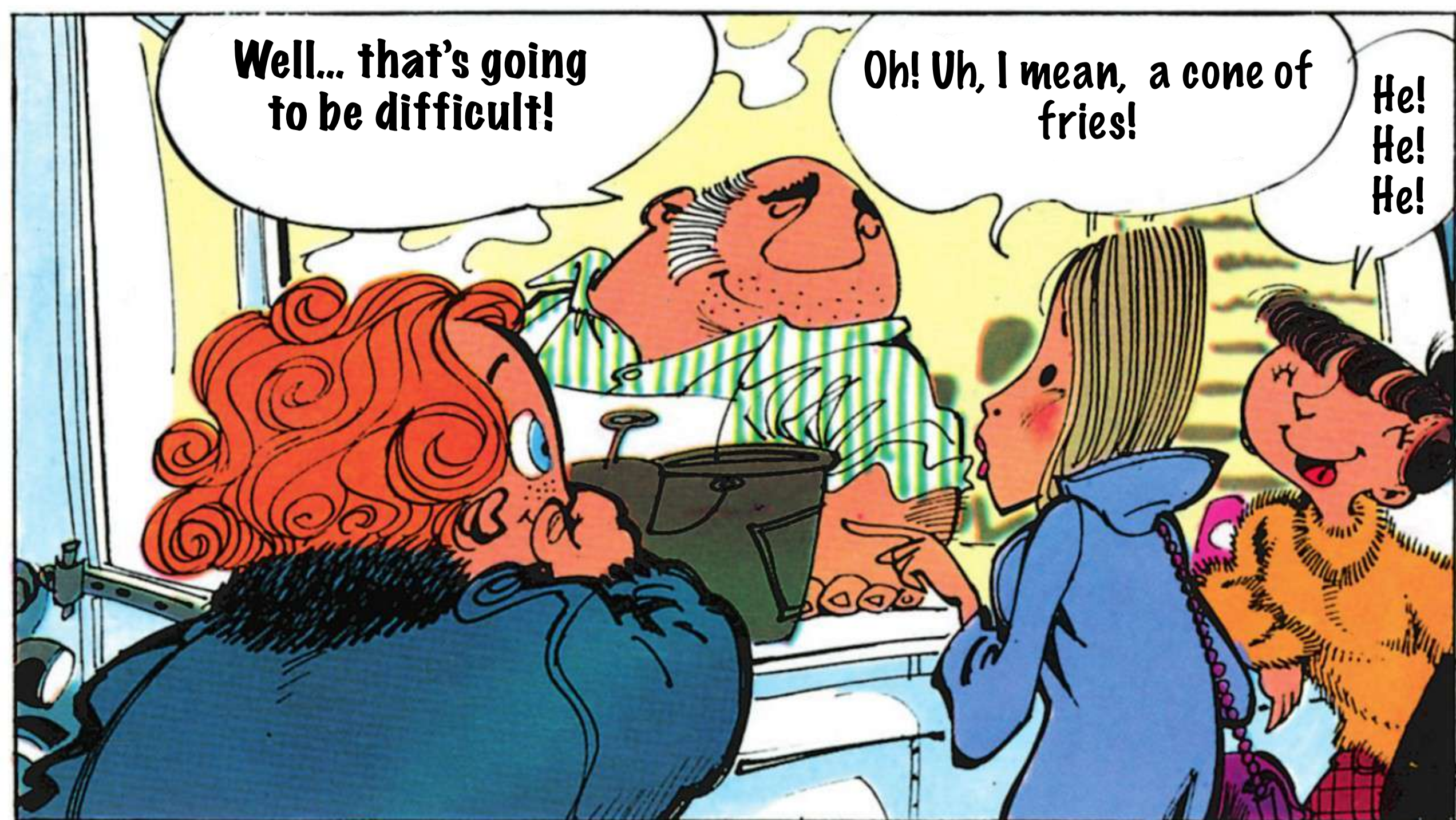
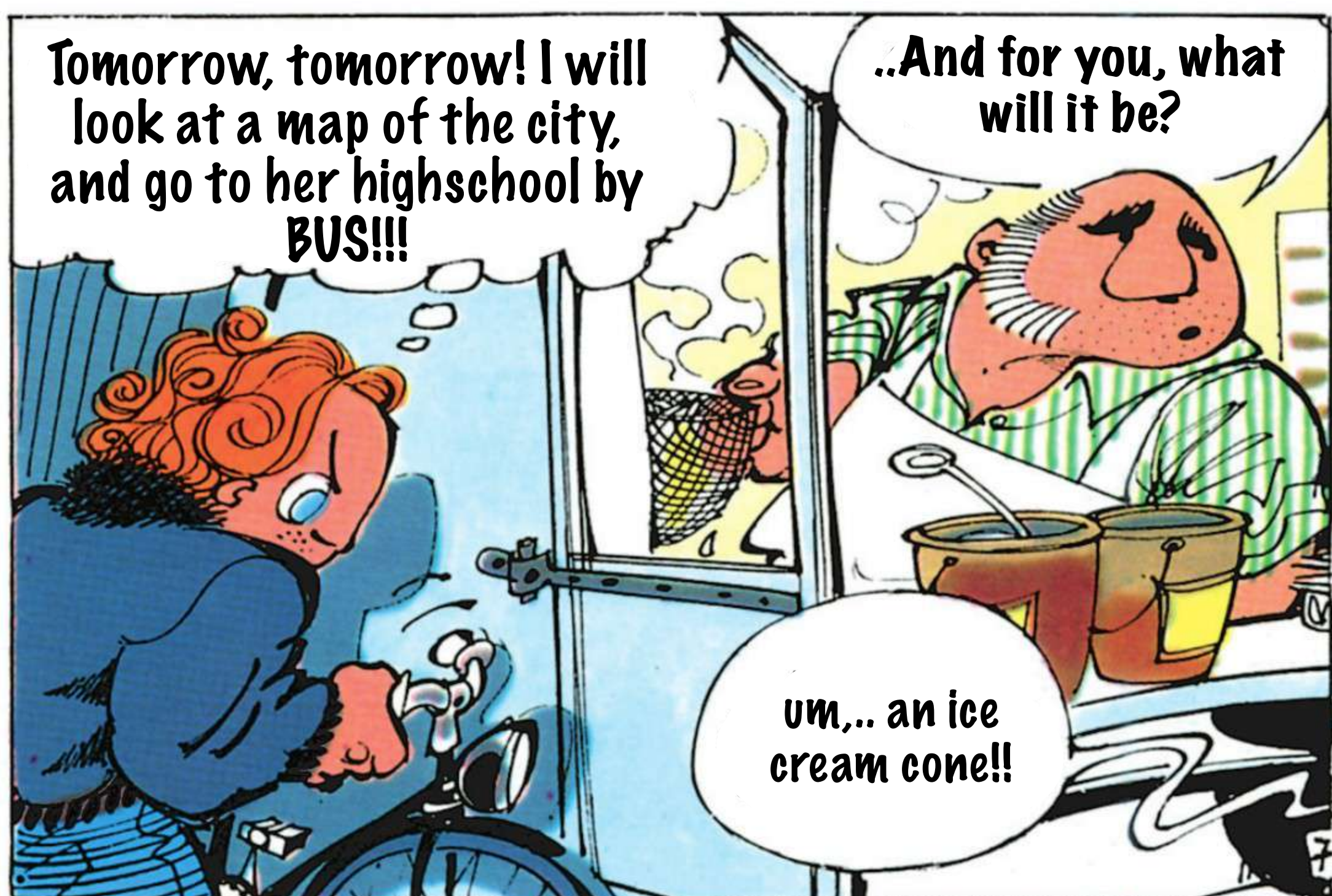
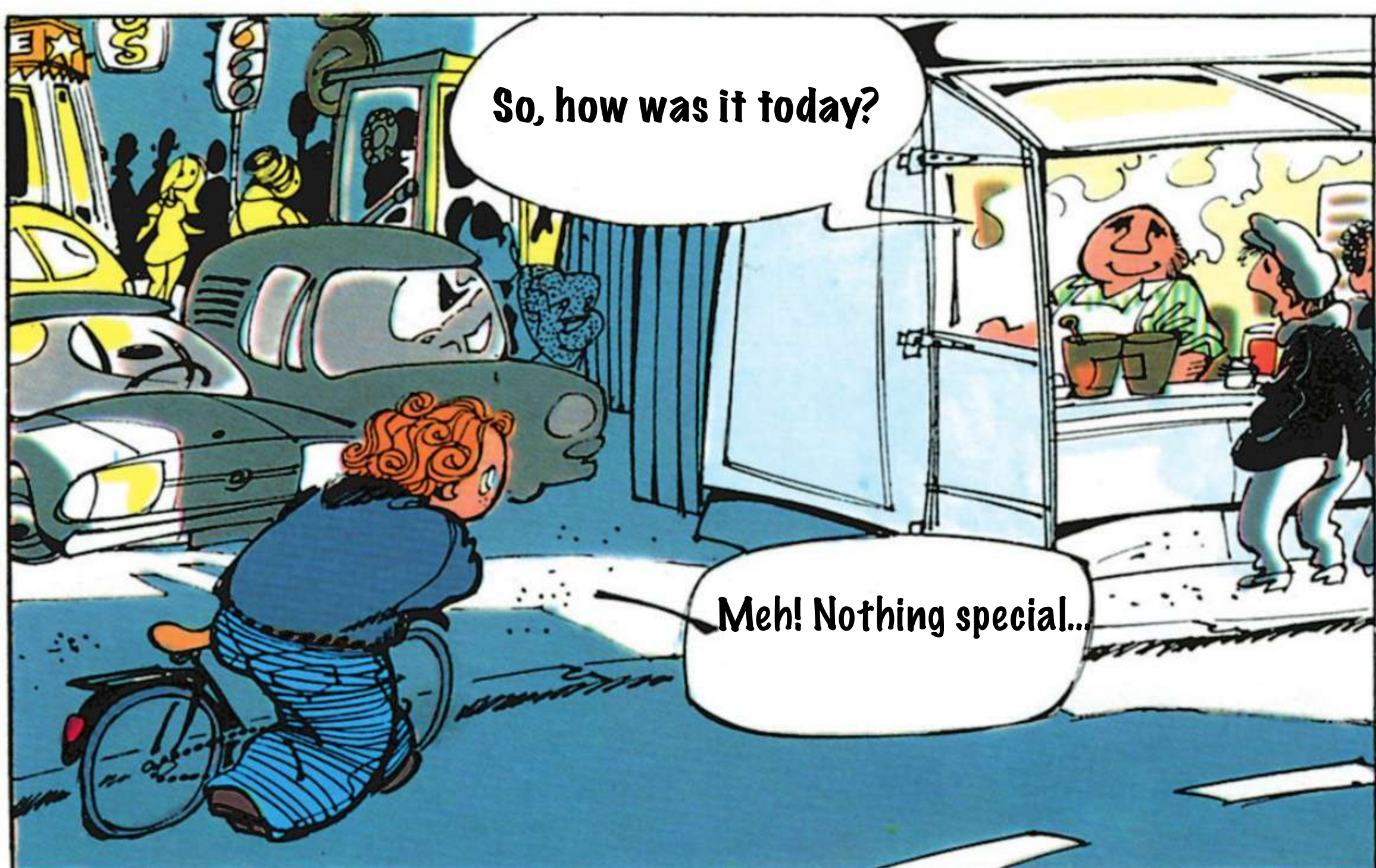
POUT POUT POUT

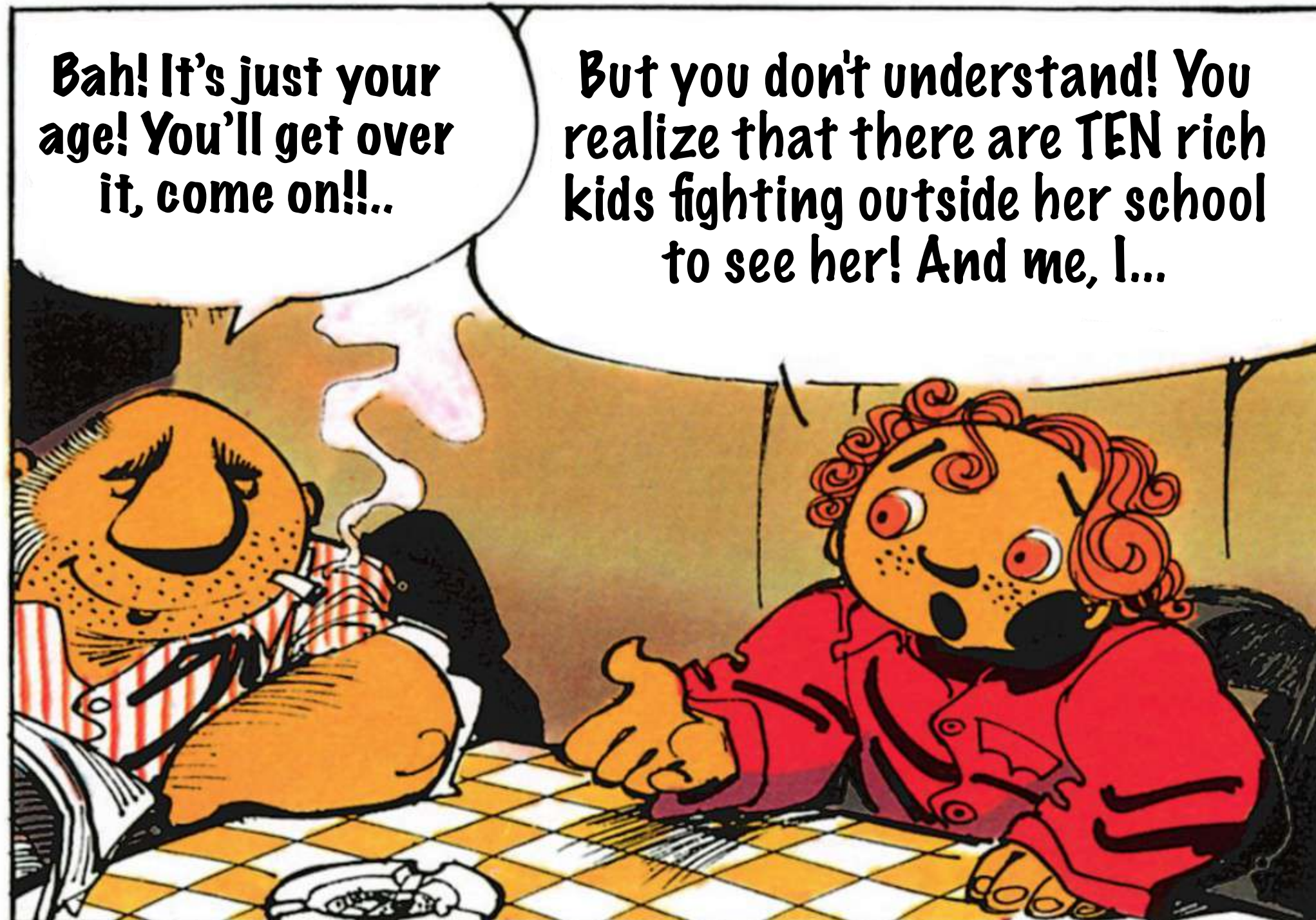
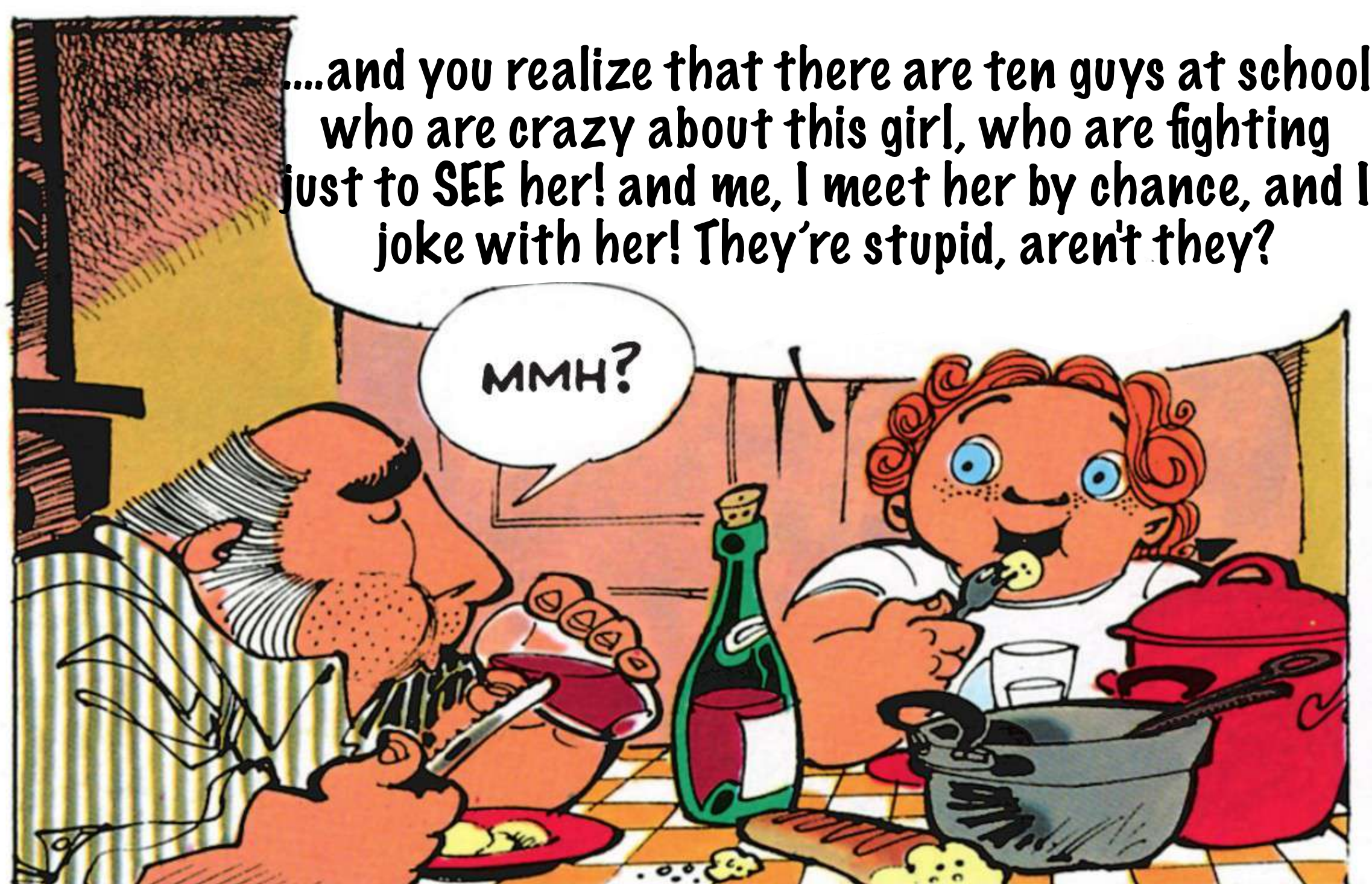
Saint Tutty.. that must be the name of the school! Let's go!

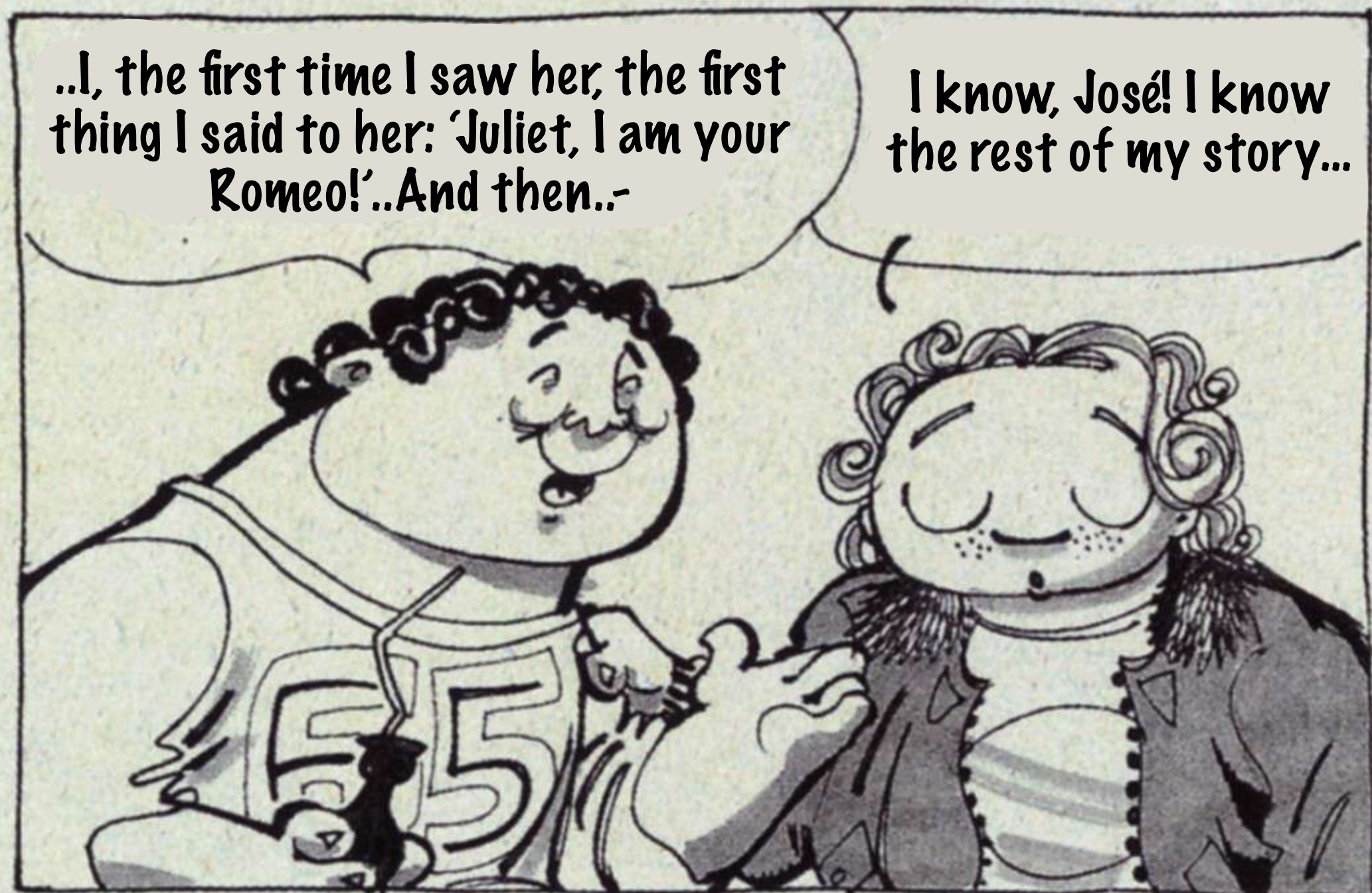
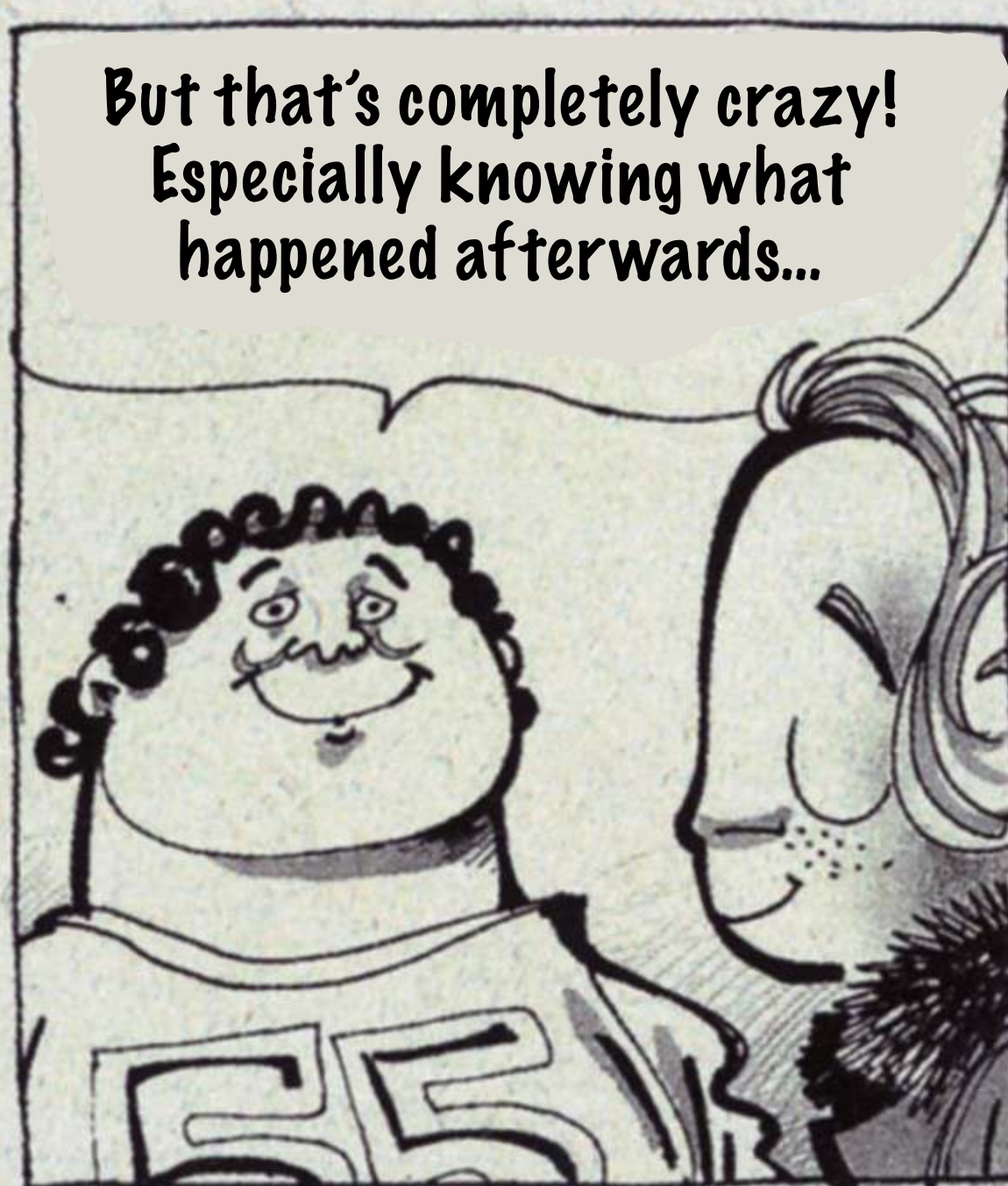
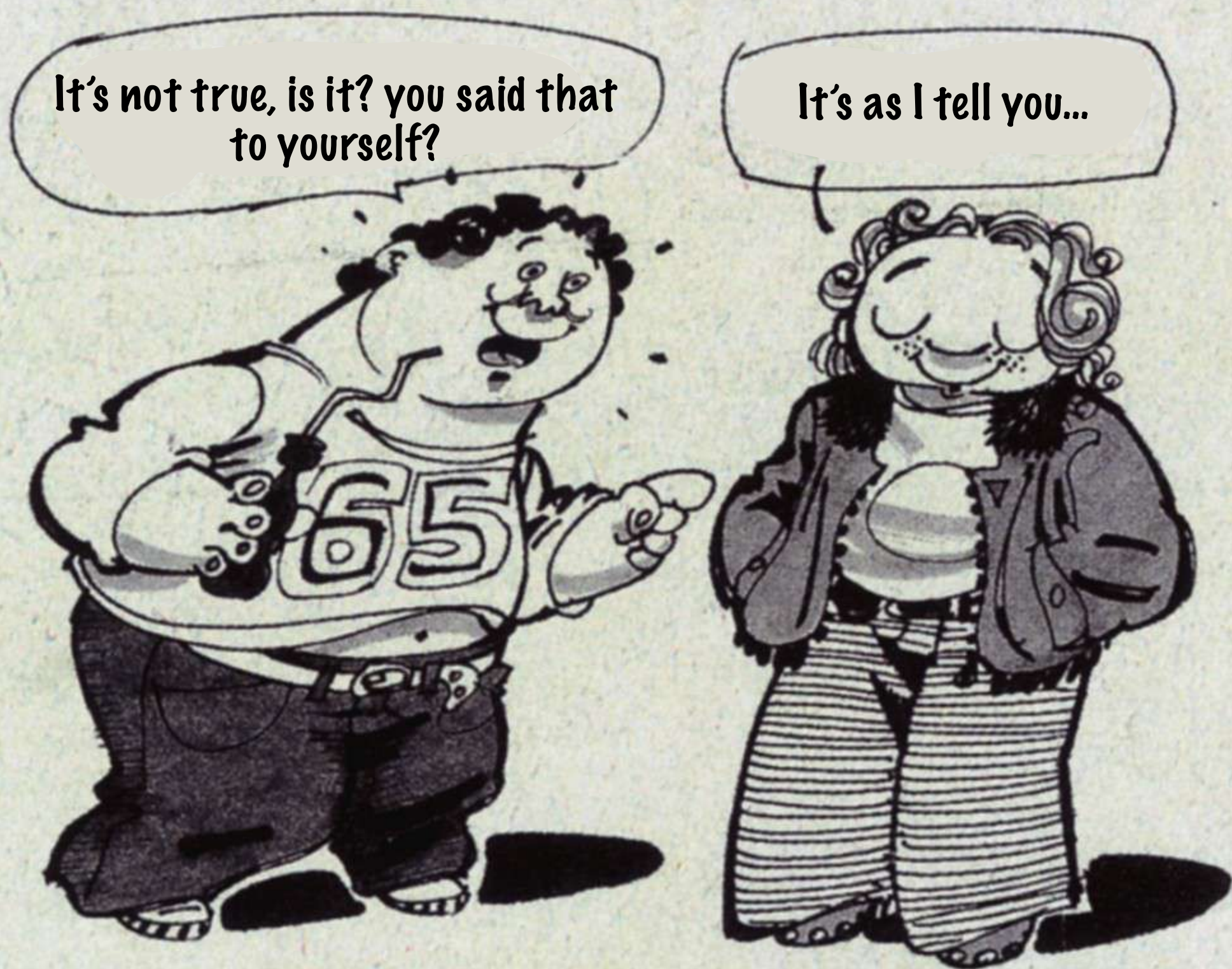




No, It was not an unforgettable encounter, or like the love at first sight you see in movies...









PRINTEMPS - ÉTÉ 1978

Saison blanche

Spring - Summer 1978

White season

(next chapter)